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A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

**A
MARINE NARRATIVE
OF LOVE AND WAR**

**By
Elbridge
Gerry
Roberts**

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fiction (P)

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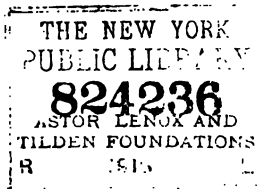
A MARINE NARRATIVE
OF LOVE AND WAR

By
ELBRIDGE GERRY ROBERTS



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DEDICATED, WITH PROFOUND RESPECT AND
ADMIRATION, TO THE MEMORY OF A
FATHER OF WHOM HIS RELATIVES AND
FRIENDS ARE JUSTLY, AND PARDON-
ABLY, PROUD, AND TO WHOM HIS
COUNTRY MADE PUBLIC AC-
KNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS SERV-
ICES AND RENDERED SUIT-
ABLE RECOGNITION.

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1870

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

the evening when Mr. Thorn came in and told the news that had just arrived from New York by steam packet.

It seems that it had been rumored the day the packet sailed that the Southern states had seceded and fired upon the Union troops, but no further details could be obtained up to the time of sailing.

Elisha, as soon as he heard this, requested Mr. Thorn to accept his resignation and let him have what salary was due him, as he desired to immediately return to the States to enlist with the Union forces.

Mr. Thorn tried to dissuade him and made an effort to assure him that the disturbance was trivial and would soon be over.

Elisha, however, refused to see the matter in this light and insisted politely upon his request being granted.

Mr. Thorn finally, seeing how determined the boy was, made a last effort saying that he hardly felt at liberty to comply in the absence of specific instructions from the elder Remsen, in view of the fact that Elisha had been left in his special care and the further fact that he yet lacked nearly three months of being of age. Mr. Thorn may have taken advantage of this argument, owing to his sympathy for the Southern cause, shared by many Englishmen at the time. Consequently he was inclined to throw every obstacle possible in the way of young Remsen, or any one else, going to the States with the intention of entering the Northern army.

The conversation turned again to the subject of possible war in America at the dinner table that evening; Elisha being quite "Cock sure" in his enthusiasm of youth that the trouble was going to

become far more serious than the rest seemed to think.

Excitement was raised to a new high level when the butler announced in a respectfully low tone, that it was rumored outside that additional news had only just been received, confirming the first reports brought in earlier in the day by the Packet Steamship, with more details.

Of course, everybody immediately desired to be excused from the table to make investigations and inquiries.

It was not long before Mr. Thorn who had stepped out and held rapid discussions with some of the neighbors, who were also quite excited and out in the road, all asking questions and endeavoring to answer them at the same time, returned with the information that report had it that a British sailing vessel from Norfolk had arrived late in the afternoon, having made exceptionally quick passage owing to favorable weather and winds, having sailed two days after the steamship and was, therefore, able to not only confirm the fact that the Southern States had actually seceded, but also that the confederates had fired upon and captured Fort Sumter.

Well! when Elisha heard this how excited he became! He rose up out of his chair and renewed his appeal to Mr. Thorn to accept his resignation and supply him with at least enough of his salary to enable him to get back to New York.

Requests and entreaties utterly failing to move Mr. Thorn from his determination, or to convince him in any way that he had any right to relinquish his guardianship over the boy, Elisha then became more determined and almost demanded that his requests be granted.

In his efforts to obtain his release and freedom and get back to the States he became eloquent, almost heroic, so convinced was he of the seriousness of his own importance, and how we all laughed at him! I remember it distinctly.

This he seemed to resent and, apparently, it only spurred him on to greater determination.

Slowly drawing himself up to his full height, and declaring that two or three months ought not to stand in the way, as he would be twenty-one by the time he could enlist, he announced that with or without his resignation being accepted, and that with or without money he would take the first ship sailing for America, and said, "I must return to the United States and shoot Jeff Davis."

CHAPTER II

"THE FIVE POUND NOTE"

The next morning Remsen packed his portmanteau and left the house at the usual hour, but instead of following his regular practice of going to the office at the warehouse he proceeded to the office of the Anchor Line of steamships located on the docks.

Although he had succeeded in obtaining no part of his salary nor leave to depart for home, he had some money, just one five pound note, in his pocket.

Entering the office of the steamship company he explained to one of the clerks what a desire he had to get back to New York in order to enter the Union army and fight for "Uncle Sam," in view of the fact that the secessionists had actually dared to fire on the flag. Also explaining at the same time his dilemma in consequence of not yet being twenty-one years old, his failing to obtain the necessary consent from Mr. Thorn for him to go home, which, naturally, entailed his failure to get any of his salary and, therefore, the only thing that he seemed to be able to do was to make the Steamship Company an offer of his five pound note for mere transportation, just to let him go aboard of the ship, and he would take his chances as to how he would obtain food and where he would eat and sleep.

The clerk, of course, was interested but powerless to accept the proposition, holding as he did a

subordinate position, but he was not a little touched by the enthusiasm and patriotism displayed by young America.

In the end, after a little more parley, the clerk plucked up sufficient courage to take the story and the proposition in to one of the officials of the line, who evidently was also moved to consideration, as the clerk returned and announced that he had instructions to usher Remsen into the "Sanctum sanctorum."

Inside, standing before the General Manager of the company, Remsen, of course, had to go all over the story again of his desires and his offer.

When he finished he was most agreeably surprised to have the manager get up and pat him on the shoulder, grasp his hand warmly, give him a lot of good fatherly advice and assure him that he had confidence in Remsen's future and that his country ought to be proud of him.

Then the necessary instructions were issued to the clerk to take Remsen's five pound note and conduct him aboard of the ship, which laid at the pier and would sail that afternoon for New York, and issue the necessary pass to protect Remsen from being dealt with as a stowaway.

All of which being duly carried out the steamship finally sailed and cleared the harbor before sundown with Remsen on board.

For a while, he lounged about the deck and amused himself to no little extent by looking over the ship, and particularly in watching the machinery which appeared to have a great fascination for him.

It seemed but a little while had elapsed before it was time for dinner and the preparations going on for it were quite evident, and to Remsen somewhat tantalizing, in view of the fact that his pros-

pects for a savory meal were most decidedly meager.

Before long the crew seemed all bound for the forecandle hatch and upon asking a question of one or two of the blue jackets Remsen discovered that the forward mess was ready and the bright idea of falling into line occurred to him.

He lost no time in taking advantage of this opportunity and he was not the last man to go down the forecandle hatch nor to sit at mess that night.

In his mind, therefore, as well as elsewhere, he felt much relieved, as he had thus, as he supposed, dispelled one of the difficulties that he knew would be the hardest to surmount on his trip across the ocean.

The meal though was not as sociable as he had been accustomed to, for of course, he had very little in common to discuss with these men of the forecandle, but it was quite evident that they had no more to discuss with him and it even seemed as though they had little to say among themselves so that although he had sufficient to eat he was not altogether lighthearted and contented; he already felt alone and felt the loss of companionship, as if the world were barren of friends.

If he felt thus so early he felt more so a little later.

The evening aboard the ship without intercourse was naturally dull, and he soon became drowsy. This quickly brought to his mind the need of a berth, and where was he to get it?

He sat around for quite some time while the passengers, one or two, or a few at a time, disappeared from the deck, all going no doubt to state-rooms that were comfortable and bunks that were likewise, until at last, still more drowsy and now a little weary, he was practically alone on deck,

with the exception of the portion of the crew on duty.

He felt that he must find a place before long where he could lie down and commenced to look about to see what was the most available. Finally he tried the bunt of the mainsail which proved to be sufficiently comfortable to lull him to sleep before he decided whether that place would answer the purpose or not.

He must have been somewhat exhausted, probably from excitement and anxiety, for when he woke the first streak of dawn was visible on the horizon.

He felt a little cool and after a moment or so gathered himself up and paced the deck sharply for a while, after which he devoted quite a little time to making himself presentable for the day.

By this time there began to be signs of more life aboard ship and the petty officers and deckhands commenced to concentrate on the forecastle hatch again. This time Remsen needed no suggestion nor invitation, he promptly fell into line and appeared in due course for his morning meal, of which he partook in the same silent manner as the previous evening, conversation being decidedly lacking, and now accompanied by scowling countenances plainly indicative that the intrusion was resented.

The meal ended, Remsen hastily made the deck and was glad to be up in the fresh air again and the sunlight, both of which helped him to shake off partially the feelings which the unfriendly manner of the men below had engendered.

It did not seem as though he had been aft an hour before the second mate addressed him, with the Captain's compliments, stating that he desired some conversation with him.

Remsen immediately accompanied the mate to

the Captain's cabin where, upon entering in response to the summons to come in, the Captain desired to know the cause of the trouble in the fore-castle mess. What was all this about a gentleman being thrust in with them to eat and the necessity of their having to wash up and make themselves extra trouble? In consequence, all of which apparently, had made a great how-to-do and seemed bound to cause no end of trouble.

So once again Remsen had to give an account of himself, why he was going to America and how he got aboard of the ship and all that, ending almost the same as it had in the company's office on the pier.

"Well! well!" the Captain was glad to know him, proud of him, shook his hand, slapped him on the back and the like, adding, which was more to the point, "Don't bother with the fore-castle mess any more, from now on a seat will be provided for you at my table."

Of course, Remsen was delighted, overwhelmed with joy, he really was progressing wonderfully, and there was nothing for him to do but to thank the Captain most profoundly and to appear as bashful and retiring as he possibly could, under the circumstances of the Captain's most profuse commendation.

It seemed that several of the petty officers backed up by the crew had made objection to the second mate immediately after breakfast, who laid the matter before the Captain, which of course lead the latter to suspect that a stowaway had been discovered, which explanation he gave to Remsen of his action in sending for him, with his apologies.

Remsen went aft again in high spirits feeling much relieved as the future seemed to be unfolding

before him automatically, requiring little effort on his part to guard against the morrow.

The contented feeling that he now possessed caused time to pass more rapidly and the midday meal had long since been disposed of, the Captain providing a seat at his table for Remsen as he had promised.

Later there were numerous inquiries of the Captain as to who was the new passenger and why he had not been seen at the table previously, as surely this could not be accounted for by the usual illness at sea as the weather had been exceptionally fair and the water smooth in the extreme since they had left port, which of course, drew from the Captain more or less of Remsen's story in the way of explanations.

That night shortly after dinner was well under way and practically all were at table, or accounted for, with the hum of general conversation throughout the saloon, Remsen was quite surprised and extremely confused as one waiter after another from the other tables appeared at his elbow each bearing a glass of wine on a salver and mumbling the compliments of this one and that one and the other one, many being ladies, until there were seventeen glasses of wine arranged around Remsen's plate.

The story of Remsen's patriotism, enthusiasm and determination evidently had gone broadcast among the passengers.

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH ELISHA SURPRISES HIS FATHER

The passage to New York had not been exceptionally quick, quite the reverse in fact, on account, no doubt, of the weather being so calm, the absence of favorable winds to any extent making it necessary to depend almost wholly upon the machinery for propulsion.

After about eighteen days, however, they entered New York Harbor and immediately upon landing Elisha proceeded across to Brooklyn to the Mansion House where his father usually stopped when in this vicinity.

It occurred to him, however, not to announce himself immediately, and, therefore, walked up to the desk and registered, at the same time inquiring of the clerk if Mr. and Mrs. Remsen were in the house. Receiving a reply in the affirmative he straightway looked up the head waiter and arranged with him, stating who he was, that he would not come in to dinner until after his father and step-mother were seated at the table, when the head waiter agreed to usher him into the dining room and seat him at his father's table, which in due time was all accomplished as planned and the elder Remsen proved that the surprise had been quite complete by the manner in which he remarked, "Well! young man, I thought you were in England," which taking partially the form of an inquiry called for an explanation which Elisha promptly gave his father beginning from the time he heard

that insurrection had occurred in America up to his arrival in New York, which lasted until the meal was finished, and as they were leaving the dining room Elisha further explained to his father that it was his intention to volunteer in the army and go into the field against the rebels without any more delay than was unavoidable.

While the elder Remsen did not become very enthusiastic about this proposition, he at least did not discourage his son, the manner taken showing a decided neutral position, which also seemed to demonstrate a lack of sympathy between the two.

It was only a little later, in the office of the hotel, when a half dozen or so young fellows came swinging up the street at a healthy pace and turned into the corridor of the hotel, whistling a new tune which was evidently a product of the war, some of the words of which were something about,

"We're going down to Washington town
to fight for Abraham's daughter,"

one of whom, when they had finished whistling, shouted something about "The Union forever," which brought a cheer from everybody in the place, as this sentiment was particularly popular at the moment.

Remsen was drawn to these fellows naturally, probably through a common cause, and in a few moments he had engaged several of them in conversation, telling them why he had come home and of his desires to volunteer in the army.

Here again his scheme did not meet with enthusiasm nor even approval.

Instead, one after another of the half dozen aided each other in an attempt to change Remsen's mind

and induce him to enter the navy, instead of the army, as they all expected to do and were even now studying in order to make an effort to pass their examinations with the next class at the Navy Yard and obtain a commission in the regular service.

And they finally convinced Remsen it was much better to be a commissioned officer in the regular navy than high private of volunteers in the army.

So that settled it, Remsen from that moment threw in his lot with the navy and he commenced to study up with the rest of the fellows.

The result of which was that he passed fourth in the class of September 21st, 1861, and in due time was commissioned Second Lieut. U. S. N., regular service, and ordered to proceed forthwith to Thomaston, Maine, as government inspector of construction to supervise the ninety-day emergency gunboats which the Navy Department was then building at that place.

These gunboats having been made necessary by the action of the previous administration in placing the flower of the United States Navy in southern ports preparatory to seceding and all those ships of any size which could not be thus placed without being remarked had been ordered to foreign stations in the Far East from which it would take at least six months to reach home.

Promptly, therefore, Remsen took leave of his parents and started East, arriving in Thomaston without incident worth particular notice and reported at the shipyard, presenting his instructions as his authority.

Immediately upon looking over the ground Remsen observed that the contract for the ninety-day gunboats must surely have been placed some little time as they were well advanced and really were

progressing with great rapidity and the yard swarming with workmen who seemed to be as patriotic as every one else, as they were perfectly willing to work over hours.

After having made a rather thorough inspection of the gunboats, so far as his limited ability would permit, he next took a casual glance around the yard.

He discovered that there was other work in progress there besides the naval vessels, a full rigged ship just completing fitting out, appeared to be the vessel in his opinion next in importance to the ships of war, upon which work was in progress, and the great amount of spars and rigging appealed to his fancy particularly and lured him in that direction for a closer inspection, in detail, which he made with such apparent thoroughness and interest that it was quite noticeable, and having asked a question or two from one of the workmen as to a point about the full rigged ship with which he was not quite familiar, another who seemed to be in authority, and apparently a very nice man, spoke further with him and asked him if he would not like to go aboard.

Remsen accepted this invitation with great pleasure and without further ado walked the plank from the string piece of the dock to the gunwale of the ship and stepped down on deck.

For the next hour or so Remsen enjoyed hugely the inspection and explanation in seamanship, particularly that of sailing vessels, which he received from his new acquaintance who had explained to Remsen that he was the sole owner and Captain of the ship, and also that his name was Elsworth.

Remsen felt compelled to terminate his visit on board the ship much sooner than he would have

preferred, as he was a little anxious, fearing that he might be neglecting his official duties too long at a time.

So he shook hands with Captain Elsworth and hoped to continue their conversation at some other time, then stepped onto the dock and returned to another general inspection of the work being done on the gunboats.

The next day at the first opportunity that Remsen felt that he could have a few moments to himself, he again looked up his new friend, Captain Elsworth, and finding him at the moment not particularly occupied, begged of him to tell him more of ships and the seafaring life, and also asked him the name of his ship.

To which Captain Elsworth replied that there was quite a family history in the name that the ship bore. She was called, he said, the "Mary Frances."

Upon being urged quite a little by Remsen he agreed to give him the tradition.

Captain Elsworth prefaced the story by explaining that his father when he got married obtained a tract of land at Ipswich, Mass., which was heavily timbered and extended from the highway to the water front, continued the thread of his narrative by stating that his father without assistance felled the trees to make a clearing in which to build his house. The timber which he used in constructing it he hewed by hand from the fallen trees.

In this house his children, two boys and two girls, were born and reared, the Captain himself being the younger boy.

Some years later when the Captain's brother was old enough to help his father and the Captain was a boy able to lend considerable assistance, the three

together felled the trees at the rear of the house down to the water, clearing a strip sufficiently wide to allow of the construction therein of a ship.

Then the timber necessary for such a purpose was hewn from the fallen trees and after many months of hard, tedious labor and perseverance, the ship was ready to launch.

About this time Captain Elsworth said his father announced to his wife that he had decided upon a name for the boat, and in reply to her inquiry stated that he was going to call it just "Mary," after the baby.

The mother approved and seemed to admire the sentiment of the selection and expressed herself so.

At the same time the other girl nestled up alongside of her mother and burying her face in her dress cried softly.

Of course both of the parents were immediately solicitous and desired to know what had happened and tried to soothe her. At first no information as to the dire calamity could be elicited, but finally it was coaxed out of the child that she was hurt and perhaps a little jealous that the baby's name instead of hers had been selected for the ship.

This presentment of the case appealed strongly to the mother who immediately placed the contention of the child before her husband for consideration, which entailed more or less discussion for a few moments, but finally a compromise was reached and agreed upon.

The ship should be named after both girls, the Captain further declared, "We will call her the 'Mary Frances'."

CHAPTER IV

MARY MAKES HER APPEARANCE

Many weeks had now elapsed since Remsen arrived at Thomaston, during which time he had enjoyed the companionship for a short time, at least, daily, of his friend Captain Elsworth, with the natural result, having very few friends and practically no relatives with whom to have intercourse, that he grew more and more fond of him. It was with a decided pang of regret, therefore, that he could see that it was quite plain that the "Mary Frances" would be ready to put to sea at no distant date and it was quite evident that he would have to remain behind, owing to the fact that the gunboats would not be completed so quickly.

Remsen was not surprised, therefore, when the Captain announced his intended departure on the morrow when the tide served favorably, in view of which fact he suggested that Remsen sup with him that night where he and his little girl boarded up in the town, that they might spend their very last evening together before separating perhaps indefinitely.

Remsen was more than inclined, and certainly had a strong desire, to take up with this proposition, if the Captain had not said something about his little girl. Remsen never had liked children over much and he had visions of the child climbing over his knees, interrupting the conversation and making itself annoying generally.

Therefore, with his best apologies and profuse regrets Remsen decided that on account of other pressing matters it would be utterly impossible.

The next morning, just before meridian, the Captain suggested to Remsen that he try and see to it that he would be at liberty shortly after noon in order that he might be on the string piece of the dock when the "Mary Frances" sailed, so as to exchange farewells.

The Captain then started up to his boarding house remarking that it would be his last meal on shore for some time and that when he returned to the yard he would bring his little girl with him, as, since her mother died three years previously, he had been compelled to take her to sea with him as he had no one with whom to leave her.

Immediately after the men returned to work for the afternoon, Remsen made himself as officious as possible, looking over the gunboats in order that everyone would be conscious of his presence on the work, which he thought would offset to some extent the time that he was going to take a little later to say goodbye to the Captain.

He, the while, kept a "Weather eye" up the yard for the Captain's return and was somewhat surprised to see him before long coming down the dock with what appeared at that distance to be a most attractive damsel.

Consequently it was only a few moments before Remsen found his opportunity to detach himself from his work and promptly presented himself at the gangway of the "Mary Frances."

Captain Elsworth greeted him as usual, presented him to his daughter Mary, explaining to her that Mr. Remsen was the young man to whom he had taken a great liking and for whom his acquaintance

had grown into friendship. After delivering himself of which he begged to be permitted to withdraw in order to see that the last important preparations for departure were carried out correctly and without omission.

Remsen acknowledged the introduction and turning to the Captain reminded him that he had given him the impression that his daughter was a little girl.

The Captain laughed and assured him that she always had been his little girl and probably always would be, at least, he hoped so, although he had to admit that she was extraordinarily advanced beyond that of most girls fourteen years of age.

Then being left to their own resources Remsen realized the necessity for conversation and falling back on the usual topic of the weather remarked that it was glorious to be alive such a day as this, so absolutely clear and the air so balmy, when he was promptly advised by Mary:

"You had better make the most of it for tomorrow it is going to rain."

"How are you so sure? I have not looked at the barometer since breakfast."

"Then sir, observe it now. See how my hair curls?"

"So that is the way you forecast the weather!"

"A method quite reliable, I have never known it to fail."

And then Remsen thought she laughed at him, but looking up to make sure he was forced to the conclusion that it was only an expression of the eyes that gave him that impression.

So he continued, "Changing the subject with your permission, may I inquire why you are going with your father? Do you really prefer a seafaring

life to staying ashore with one of your aunts, for instance?"

"Indeed, no," she replied, "I would much prefer to stay ashore if I only had an aunt with whom to stay."

"Why, I understood your father to say he had two sisters, as well as a brother."

"So he did, once upon a time, but you see the sisters, my aunts, both contracted diphtheria and died while father, my uncle and my grandfather were at sea with the "Mary Frances" and a few years later my uncle was killed in the Mexican war."

"So I suppose your grandparents have also passed away from advanced age and this accounts for your father being in sole command of the ship yonder."

"Your deductions are quite right," she replied, "Father is the sole owner and Captain and has been now for a number of years, and now, I daresay you can understand why I am a sailor girl most of the time without the privilege of being able to have any choice in the matter."

"Yes, that is quite plain to me now," replied Remsen, "and I suppose it will not be an hour before you will be on your way to open water again."

Which statement of his proved quite true for they had hardly talked a half hour longer before Remsen was saying goodbye to Captain Elsworth and his daughter, shaking hands with them and hoping that this would not be the termination of their new friendship, now well established, with such a good beginning though yet young.

He had but just expressed to Mary his belief that they would all meet again under the most favorable conditions at no distant date and repeated his good-byes to both as the lines were cast off and the crew had commenced to warp the "Mary Frances" out

into the stream where she caught the breeze, light though it was, fairly over the portquarter.

Remsen, standing on the dock, watched the operation and then followed with his eyes the "Mary Frances," with his two friends on the quarterdeck, gather headway and proceed down stream, he finally waving his hat in reply to similar salutations from the ship.

Later in the day, Remsen standing in the same spot again, saw the "Mary Frances" cross the bar, change her course to about south by east and disappear behind a jutting headland just as the sun commenced to set.

CHAPTER V

THE GRAY JACKET

The next day it rained, Remsen could hear the drops on the piazza roof outside the window of his room when he waked up in the morning.

Therefore, after breakfast, when he was ready to start for the shipyard, he rigged out in oil skins prepared for the weather.

Arriving alongside of the wharves where the gun-boats were being constructed, he was very quickly quite busily engaged with criticising the work, correcting, as he made his morning inspection.

Finally, having gone pretty thoroughly over the several boats, by which time the morning had more than half gone, and following his usual custom, which, apparently, had become a habit, he looked toward where the "Mary Frances" had been lying and started a few steps in that direction, then stopped, and thought, "Gone, of course. How foolish for me to forget even for a moment." And awful was the void, the most evident emptiness, that struck him quite forcibly, of the place where she had been lying, the slip looked so large which she had occupied, all of which had the effect of depressing Remsen's spirit to even a greater extent than had the weather.

"The weather," he thought, "By Jove, she said it was going to rain. Why on earth did she make it harder than need be? This loneliness of my first day without friends with whom to converse since I had arrived in Thomaston."

"I dare say though that it is not over bright for her to have rain the first day out either and it more than likely will cause the Captain quite a little annoyance, so I suppose I had better take heart and hope for improvement tomorrow, perhaps another day like yesterday, but no, that can hardly be, for even then it would lack the "Mary Frances" and my friends, the Captain and his daughter, his little girl, as he called her."

"Little girl," I had not thought of her in that way since I met her. A precocious lass, so wise, old in conversation and repartee, though according to the Captain, so young in years. Hardly in her teens, yet so well advanced as to give wonderful promise of early womanhood."

"Oh, well!" he exclaimed to himself, "the gunboats will soon be completed and it will not be long before they will be accepted by the Department and I will be off to sea, more than likely, under orders."

Which prophecy proved true at a date much earlier than even Remsen himself anticipated.

For in fact the very next day brought official instructions from the Department to the shipyard to complete the gunboats and make them ready for sea service at the earliest possible moment, regardless of details or the letter of the specifications and further stating that the Department would accept one at a time, as quickly as they could be built to a point fit to go to sea, in consequence of the confederates having gained several decisive victories at the outset of the war, and the fact that they were even at that moment menacing Washington.

Thus, being relieved of the minor details in the contract with the Government enabled the shipyard to abandon the work on a great many small things

about the boats, which insignificant in each instance, amounted to considerable collectively, and thus it was less than a week when they had the first boat ready for a dock trial.

A day previous to the trial more orders were received from the Department and the same day a detachment of officers and men arrived assigned to duty on the first gunboat which would be able to go to sea with orders to man her and proceed forthwith to the Boston Navy Yard to take on her armament and stores.

Among the orders was one assigning Remsen to duty as assistant engineer officer on board the U. S. S. "Kennebec," which it seems was to be the name of the gunboat completed in advance of the others.

Remsen, of course, was delighted when he learned that he was to go to sea almost immediately and also to be able to have companionship with the officers of the "Kennebec" in the interim and that he would no longer be lonely and practically without friendship and conversation, and that there would be more opportunity while off duty for recreation and pleasure in company with his new acquaintances.

Finally, after a few days, the dock trial having been run off with only a few omissions and defects manifesting themselves, it took but a short time to complete these repairs and adjustments and cast off the lines for an official trial trip, which, good fortune presiding, was most satisfactory, made so, perhaps, by the urgency of the situation demanding the boat, though it is a question whether in time of peace the commission of officers detailed by the Department for the official trial trip would not have found innumerable excuses for criticisms and objections.

However, the "Kennebec" was accepted promptly and the next forenoon with all of the officers and the crew quartered on board, she moved out of her slip and down the harbor until crossing the bar, she, too, altered her course to about south by east, heading for Boston, where they arrived on the next day, after an uneventful trip over smooth seas with fair weather and proceeded almost immediately to the Navy Yard.

The "Kennebec" laid at the wharf until the next morning when the workmen in the yard commenced to put her armament and equipment aboard, which consisted, as a sort of main battery, of one 6" rifle mounted on the forward deck and a couple of brass howitzers as a secondary battery.

In addition to the guns there were several stands of small arms and many rounds of ammunition of various sizes for all the arms and armament on board, carried into the ship.

All of which, including the substantial foundations which had to be prepared for the heavy guns, and mounting them, took quite a number of days to accomplish.

Remsen, of course, was kept pretty busy now that the "Kennebec" was officially commissioned, having to serve his regular watch on duty.

There were times when he was off watch that he could attend to his own affairs, except what portion of that time he had to sleep.

It was during a few moments off duty that he was taking a little exercise in the open air, along the water front, that he noticed a full rigged ship, apparently fully laden, judging from her depth in the water, passing out toward the mouth of the harbor.

Just as she was abreast of him he noticed how

much she resembled the "Mary Frances" and then he wondered if possibly it could be she.

Walking further on along the docks and up the water front he made inquiries now and then from different longshoremen as to whether they could tell him where that ship passing down the harbor had berthed.

Finally, after he had gone perhaps a mile upstream, he found a man who had worked with the stevedore who had the contract for loading her cargo and he was, therefore, able to tell Remsen where she had taken her freight aboard, and more to the point, he was able to assure Remsen that the ship was the "Mary Frances" and that she had been in Boston Harbor for nearly a week loading a general mixed cargo of commodities, such as flour, muslins and the like, consigned to Vera Cruz in Mexico.

Remsen thanked the man for his information and was somewhat surprised to realize how disappointed he was, even though he had not expected to find the "Mary Frances" in Boston, on account of her sailing, even before he knew of her presence, especially so after luck had sent him aboard the "Kennebec" to the same port.

It was, as in the previous case, only a few days before the "Kennebec" followed the "Mary Frances" to sea again, having completed the work of mounting the guns and loading stores and also having received orders from Washington to proceed forthwith and report to Admiral Farragut as part of his West Gulf squadron.

Good fortune seemed to attend Remsen whenever he went to sea, as far as the weather was concerned, as it would seem that fair weather and smooth seas ever accompanied him.

These ninety-day gunboats constructed of wood in a hurry on account of the great urgency which made them necessary at the earliest possible moment were not of great dimensions, being hardly a hundred feet in length, but having a beam of about twenty-eight feet, thereby giving sufficient tonnage to make them seaworthy outside the beach, more in their breadth than in their length.

In view of which it was well that smooth water and calm weather did prevail until the "Kennebec" got into the summer seas of the Gulf of Mexico.

Having reported according to orders she was assigned to duty on the blockade off Mobile with several other vessels of the navy lying in the form of a semi-circle off of the mouth of the harbor at quite some distance during the day. After dark, however, these vessels all closed in, lying much nearer shore and closer together, in a circular form. In this way it was never known by the enemy just where any of these vessels were lying after dark and they were just out of sight from the land during the day.

The "Kennebec" had not been on the blockade very long before Remsen, as well as others, heard of the attempts that the Southerners had been making, and were continuing their efforts along the same line, to get cotton into the foreign markets. In those days the Southern portion of the United States supplied a very large percentage of the raw staple to the entire world and it was, therefore, specially valuable since the war had commenced, and more so since the Northern Navy blockaded the Southern ports, and consequently, the chief product and asset of the confederacy and for that reason was called "King Cotton."

There were tales going the rounds that in the

case of one small cargo of baled cotton that the rebels had succeeded in getting through the blockade, a price of over five hundred dollars a bale had been obtained in the open market.

Naturally such rumors, and there were even more of them so it was understood, among the Southerners, themselves, formed a great inducement and spur to make a greater effort to run the blockade with cargoes of cotton.

All these tales had a tendency to greater vigilance and to act as a spur to activity in other quarters also.

The officers and crews of the ships on blockade duty figured it out in their minds that if cotton was worth so much money in the markets of the world it would pay pretty well to capture a blockade runner, as all such vessels were promptly convoyed or towed into a union port and in due course condemned by the Government and sold at auction by a United States marshal. The proceeds being distributed pro rata between the Government and the officers and men taking part in the capture, according to their rank, taking into consideration services or duty on their part in connection with that particular capture, deducting, of course, first the expense of the sale.

From all of this it would seem that the incentive for the interest and activity being displayed on both sides in regard to blockade running made it a game well "worth the candle," full of excitement, adventure, risk and daring, as well as courage and valor, and heroism occasionally, to spice the different occurrences of the kind.

The "Kennebec" had been serving on the line of the blockade for almost three months and all of these rumors and gossip of the fleet having been

retailed more than once, and no new rumors having materialized for some days, things were becoming quiet and decidedly monotonous after the stories had aroused everybody's expectations to the highest point.

The sun had set and the night had started in rather chilly and damp for that climate and as the "Kennebec" shifted her position to the inner circle, as was customary every evening at this time, the weather commenced to thicken perceptibly and since the sun set the wind had entirely died out.

The surface of the water was as smooth as glass and even the ground swell was hardly noticeable, while all the time the fog rolled in thicker.

Remsen had just finished eating and had come on deck from the ward room for some fresh air and wished he could smoke before turning in, but it was against orders to show any light whatever after dark on the blockade.

The "Kennebec" lying there was as dark as Erebus, not a light lit, all the engine room hatches covered for fear the reflection from the furnaces, when the furnace doors had to be opened to fire, might show up in the night, and likewise all the other vessels on the blockade were absolutely invisible. It was impossible to tell from the deck of the "Kennebec" where any other one of the blockading vessels was lying.

As long as he could not smoke Remsen decided to take a few paces up and down the deck and he had, perhaps, gone forward as far as midships when almost directly out from under the bowsprit of the "Kennebec," clearing her stem, apparently, by a mere fraction, sneaked slowly through the fog, feeling her way, on a slight angle with the "Kennebec" as she lay at anchor, what at first glance seemed

to be a Mississippi River steamboat with her two smokestacks well forward and her stern paddle wheel. But, no! the stern paddle wheel was not very apparent. The boat had a propeller, judging from the disturbance of the water under her stern.

Remsen no sooner saw this apparition loom up in the fog, hardly turning her engines over, before he observed that she was loaded tier on tier, not only on the main deck, but the upper deck also, with bales and bales of cotton. If she had been a boat's length away it would have been impossible to have seen her in the dense fog.

It appeared that, for the matter of a minute, no one did see her, even as it was, except Remsen who happened to be walking right toward the bow at the time, across which, at an angle, making down past the starboard side of the "Kennebec" came the blockade runner.

The "Kennebec" being so small a boat, only a gunboat, she did not, like the larger vessels of war, carry a band, and, therefore, had no drummer on board to beat to quarters, instead of which an automatic rattle was provided, attached to the foremast, to answer this same purpose.

No sooner did Remsen realize that there was a blockade runner sneaking past him than without further thought he jumped to the foremast and sprung the rattle.

Instantly everybody flew to quarters. The loose link in the anchor chain was slipped and made fast to the mooring buoy and thrown overboard as the "Kennebec" got under way and started after the prize.

Coston signals were also set off to notify the rest of the blockade fleet that a blockade runner had passed through the lines.

Two other vessels of the Union Navy, the one nearest the "Kennebec" on the port and on the starboard hand, joined in the chase.

Excitement was raised to fever heat when Capt. Bailey, commanding the "Kennebec," announced it as his opinion that "the vessel that just slipped by in the dark was none other than the celebrated blockade runner 'Gray Jacket'."

CHAPTER VI

A PRIZE AND A SURPRISE

The "Kennebec" had been hot on the trail of the blockade runner all night, hour after hour, following the direction that she took, apparently, but of course, it was impossible to know in the dense fog and the night whether she maintained her course or not.

It was now daybreak, judging from the sheen and iridescence showing through the misty particles held in suspension in the atmosphere.

A light breeze sprang up with the sun and little fine, sharp ripples were chasing across the surface of the water.

This breeze continued to increase as the sun rose higher and now the fog could be detected to be moving, the wind blowing it like clouds. This fact was most perceptible, perhaps, by the light and shadow changing alternately. As one minute it appeared as though the sun was about to shine and the next minute a heavy mist enveloped everything only to be followed again by the fog becoming lighter and lifting.

Shortly the curtain rose slowly and the surface of the water could be seen at quite a little distance clearly between the heavy banks of mist as they passed along on the wind.

Still the "Kennebec" kept pressing forward, especially now that there were indications of clearing conditions. It was hoped that though the

blockade runner might not be in sight even in clear weather that some word of her would be picked up from vessels that the "Kennebec" might be able to speak in passing.

The wind commenced to show considerably increased vitality, developing little gusts or catpaws occasionally, and blowing the fog along in front of it so that eventually it seemed to tear it apart and carry it along in the form of long tails or streamers.

The "Kennebec" still ploughed steadily on in quest of her quarry.

Then, it almost seemed without warning, the breeze freshened still more and the fog lifted nearly to the height of the mastheads.

And there, almost directly ahead, hardly a half a mile away, was a small converted rebel gunboat towing what appeared to be her prize, a full rigged ship, with her mizzen top and part of her main rigging shot away.

Of course, all hands on board the "Kennebec" were on the qui vive any way, staring everywhere, at every opportunity, through the fog in the hopes of locating the blockade runner. In less than a minute, therefore, orders were issued to engage the rebel and release the ship which had flown the stars and stripes.

It was quite evident that they were not asleep aboard the confederate gunboat for the "Kennebec" had no more than discovered her before she cast loose her towing hawser and started out under full speed in an effort to make good her escape.

She had not made ten lengths though before the "Kennebec's" six-inch rifle spoke to her and the aim being pretty good the shot was quite effective to an extent that is perhaps aptly described by the exclamation of the chief gunner when he cried, "Ah, ha!

that one caught her right in the ward room," and his decision was sustained by the splinters that flew in all directions in that vicinity.

The rebels replied, but only succeeded in tearing away a small portion of the "Kennebec's" rail.

The little gunboat although not as large as the "Kennebec" apparently was able to show her heels to the Yankee, as she was perceptibly widening the distance and, undoubtedly, had great hopes of getting away.

But unfortunately for her that six-inch rifle spoke again, this time catching the confederate at the water line, directly under her stern, as indicated by the fact that not only splinters flew in this location, but the shot also piled the water up under her counter, assisted perhaps by the impact, so that for a moment she went down by the head probably a couple of feet.

Then she settled back and then went down by the stern quite perceptibly and stayed that way, circling around to starboard in such a manner as to indicate that she had lost control of her steering gear.

Then it was noticeable that her machinery apparently was also disabled as her speed kept slackening until after a little she lost headway entirely and laid at the mercy of the "Kennebec."

She was now considerably down by the stern and was, undoubtedly, gaining water rapidly.

There was no reply to the "Kennebec's" last shot, although on board the enemy there was considerable activity.

Once more that six-inch rifle delivered its compliments, but this time the shot fell short, striking the water quite a little on the near side of the disabled vessel it ricocheted, jumping clear across the

deck of the rebel gunboat, striking the water again at some distance on the other side, sending spray some feet in the air, and carrying away the smoke-stack of the little gunboat in transit.

Almost instantly the confederate colors were hauled down and a white flag run up in the rigging on the southerner.

Her taffrail was now almost at the water level, she had settled so much by the stern.

The "Kennebec" was victorious.

The crew of the vanquished boat were now lowering and manning the boats. It was evidently their intention to abandon the ship to her fate. They must have been convinced that she was sinking rapidly.

Under these conditions the "Kennebec" ran slowly over and stood by, taking the confederates aboard as prisoners of war as one small boat after another pulled alongside.

It was then learned that the little gunboat would probably not remain afloat many minutes, judging from the report made by her officers, who, by the way, were not, naturally, in the best of spirits, nor did they make very desirable companions, while some of the men were extremely sullen and inclined to be tricky and not at all in a mood for returning a favor in kind. It was, therefore, necessary to place a guard over them in charge of an officer of marines.

Consequently it was decided not to waste any time making an effort to save the gunboat and, therefore, attention was now turned to the crippled ship which all this time had been lying drifting practically at the mercy of the wind and tide, what there was of either.

Running over within hailing distance it was

learned that the ship was the "Mary Frances," Captain John Elsworth, from Vera Cruz, bound for Melbourne and that she had been sighted and fired upon about sundown the night before, resulting, of course, in her immediate surrender and being taken in tow as a merchant prize.

Captain Bailey called for volunteers to lend a hand on board the ship to clear the rigging and rig temporary spars to enable the ship to make a neutral port where she could make permanent repairs.

Of course, this call from the Captain had hardly been spoken when Remsen, having heard that the ship was the "Mary Frances," volunteered his services to take charge of the boarding party and was the first one to respond.

A half a dozen or so others, petty officers, seamen and marines also having offered their services the second cutter was called away and the boarding party was put aboard the ship.

As they went over the side Mary, now that the roar and noise of battle had ceased and hearing a boat come alongside, came up out of the main hatch and reached the deck just as Remsen did so.

He, of course, was not nearly so surprised as was Mary. For a moment she did not speak, in fact she was not quite sure she could believe her eyes, then coming forward as he advanced to meet her, she said, "Well! can it be possible. I could hardly believe that the grand officer with brass buttons, shoulder straps and side arms coming aboard was really our former acquaintance we left in Thomaston. I think it was your uniform that changed your appearance and that made me doubtful, and meeting you so unexpectedly in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico when I always think of you as down in Maine."

"So you do think of me occasionally," replied Remsen.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I have been at sea practically ever since I left you and consequently have met with very few things since then to change my thoughts."

As they were speaking they walked toward the rail and reaching there Remsen turned and leaned against it and seeing the Captain and his men starting the work of clearing up he realized that he was neglecting his duty and instantly made his excuses to Mary for a few moments, promising to return later, and after warmly greeting the Captain and expressing his regrets at the mishap he had come up with he turned his attention to assisting the Captain in directing the two sets of men, the ship's crew and the volunteers from the "Kennebec," in making decisions and issuing necessary orders.

After a little while the main rigging, which was badly fouled, was cleared and made fast and taught again, unfortunately though the mizzen topmast was gone and provision had to be made to do without one for the time being. The mizzen rigging, therefore, was temporarily arranged to take care of the lower spars only.

After this much had been accomplished and only the finishing touches remained to be done, Remsen rejoined Mary at the rail and both of them stood there looking out over the water where, in the distance, the little confederate gunboat was about in her last agony.

Mary expressed her great relief and satisfaction at being released and freed from capture, but she hoped that there had not been much suffering or loss of life necessary to accomplish this result, and added that while it was going on she had gone be-

low to avoid witnessing the combat, admitting, "I would have been frightened stiff, even worse than I was, if I had known you were in it."

Remsen was about to say something, something foolish perhaps, but was prevented by their attention being distracted at that moment by, and the excitement in connection with, the crippled gunboat acting in a most extraordinary manner.

She first took a deep plunge by the head, then the water at her head, evidently swinging in the opposite direction, she went by the stern upending until she was almost perpendicular, then shot down, stern first, out of sight, into the depths of the Gulf, the water closing together over the top of her with a clap resembling loud thunder, and a little water spout shot up into the air, like a monument marking her grave, for a moment.

Mary's eyes looked a little moist as she turned to Remsen and said, "Ough, suppose there had been people on board of her, the water is certainly not as solid under foot as dry land."

While Mary had been talking Elisha had been watching the sun play on her hair, now that the fog had cleared away the day was all that could be desired, and instantly the two thoughts in combination, a beautiful day and Mary's hair caused Elisha to wonder what kind of weather would come with tomorrow and quickly he looked for the tight curls and was somewhat relieved to note their absence and the fact that her hair was only wavy with an inclination to be rebellious, indicating more the direction of the wind than the weather, judging from the loose locks above the temples.

While Remsen was listening to Mary and pondering the question of the weather Captain Elsworth was approaching and now came up to them, asking

Elisha if he did not think that his "Little girl" had grown some since he saw her last.

Elisha replied, "I do not think she is any taller, but now that you have called my attention to it it seems to me that she is larger."

Then in reply to a hail from aloft, both the Captain and Remsen became deeply interested in advising the men concerning the best way to make a temporary withe to which to make fast the back stays on the short piece of mizzen topmast left standing.

After completing this bit of instruction in seamanship the Captain gradually walked back to the quarterdeck while Remsen returned to continue his talk with Mary.

She explained to him that after loading at Boston they had made a fairly comfortable though not rapid trip to Vera Cruz where they had remained for some little time, until they succeeded in obtaining a charter, finally loading a cargo for Melbourne, and were proceeding for that port when they had been overhauled the day before, just before sundown, by the little rebel gunboat.

And added, "We tried at first to run away from them but the breeze was too light in spite of all the canvas we could carry, we even had our studdin'-sails set, and before we surrendered they let us have a couple of solid shot to remind us to 'come to,' which did the damage you have seen. Of course, after fouling things up the way they did we had to submit then any how."

"So you are bound for Australia," Elisha said, "that is quite a long trip and I suppose it will be many weeks before you make land again after you get the damages repaired sufficiently to get under way again."

"Yes," she admitted, "it is on the other side of the earth, and even after we get there there is no telling where our next charter will take us. We may not be back home again for a couple of years."

"The last trip I went on with father it was just a few days over two years from the time we left America until we got back."

"You have seen somewhat of the world then," Remsen said, "in your few years of life."

"Oh! yes," replied Mary, "all of it in the last few years of my life too, since mother died."

"What ports did you visit on your last voyage?"

"Oh! first," replied Mary, "we went to Southampton, then to Copenhagen and from there we got a charter to Lisbon. After we discharged our cargo there we next went around Good Hope to Singapore there obtaining a fine charter for Buenos Aires. Next we arrived at Portland, discharged our cargo and father decided that a little overhauling was necessary, which work was just about being completed when you arrived at Thomaston."

Then she reminded him that he had not yet explained how it was that the "Kennebec" happened to appear out of the fog at just the right moment to save the "Mary Frances," the Captain and herself from capture.

So Remsen proceeded and gave Mary a full account of all the details leading up to their meeting, beginning with his discovery of the "Gray Jacket" sneaking across the "Kennebec's" bow in the fog in the night, after which they started, signalling at the same time to the other vessels on the blockade, two of which they knew had joined them in the chase, but, apparently, must have given it up and put back, as they had seen nothing of them since the weather had cleared.

Mary then said, "I am not surprised that it was you who discovered the blockade runner, as I always think of you as doing things and I expect some day that you will make a name for yourself in some way for the benefit of your country."

"You think of me sometimes then," he again asked.

"Oh! yes," Mary replied, "Almost every day. You see most of the girls and women, at least in Thomaston, appeared to have brothers or fathers, or somebody, who had gone to war for the union and of whom they all seemed to be so proud and they talked about them a great deal and sewed for them and made up boxes to send to them, and while I was there I had to listen and look on, but I had no one of whom to be proud or for whom to sew, or to send a box to, or anything of that kind. Naturally after I knew you and knew that you too were going almost immediately to the war, and after we sailed, being quite sure that you had gone by that time, whenever I thought of the war, which was quite often, of course, my thoughts were of you, and when possible, what you were doing."

"Often out at sea there are times, many of them, when father and the crew are very busy and wholly occupied with the rigging and sails and the running of the ship in consequence of the wind freshening, making it necessary to shorten sail, or a change in the wind forcing them to ware ship, when I am left very much to myself, and then, perhaps, for want of something to read, I fall to thinking and weaving stories of my own, just for amusement.

"Almost every day, many times, when I make up a little story like that, and they often are about the war and about the North winning battles and defeating the rebels, you usually being brought into

my stories in that way, almost every day I think of you and generally, yes always, in my stories you accomplish something good. You see, as I said, you are the only one I know who is in the war, father being the only relative I have, near enough anyway to know anything about, and he being a merchantman right here with me, I kind of think of you as our hero at the front and, therefore, I am glad to know that it was you who discovered the blockade runner trying to get away, as I would hate so to be disappointed in you, but I know I won't be."

Remsen just looked at her, looked at her from head to foot and then just said, "Mary!"

She replied, "Well?"

But Remsen simply continued to gaze at her from head to foot, until Mary noticed it and looked at him inquiringly and then asked, "What is the matter?"

"Mary," he said, "tell me the real truth, are you only fourteen years old?"

"No, since I saw you last I have had a birthday, I am fifteen now."

"Thank heaven," said Remsen under his breath.

"What's that?" asked Mary.

"Oh! he replied, "I was only giving heartfelt thanks for knowing that you had turned another milestone in your life in health and happiness and without disappointment, and I sincerely trust that such may be the case for many more years in the future."

"Oh! thank you," said Mary.

By this time the men had about finished the work and had come down from aloft, so Remsen realized that it was time to go and remarked the fact to Mary, adding, "This unexpected meeting has been

a great pleasure to me and I am very sorry that it is so soon over, I wonder when, where and under what circumstances we will meet the next time, if we ever do again. It seems improbable, as my lot will probably keep me close to the United States for some time to come, while you are even now bound on a voyage to Australia on the other side of the earth. As you yourself said, it may be two years, or even more, before you get back."

Captain Elsworth joining them, thanked Remsen for the assistance rendered by the men from the "Kennebec" and requested him to convey his compliments and appreciation to Captain Bailey, which Remsen assured him he would be only too pleased to do and then inquired, "What port is it your intention to make in order to fit out more substantially before continuing your long voyage?"

The Captain replied, "I think Havana is the nearest neutral port and would be the best and safest place to make repairs."

It occurred to Remsen that the "Kennebec" was bound in just that direction in pursuit of the "Gray Jacket" and suggested to Captain Elsworth that possibly Captain Bailey would, therefore, be willing to convoy the "Mary Frances" as far as the three-mile neutrality line outside of Havana Harbor. At any rate he said he would suggest it when he returned to the "Kennebec."

The men were now manning the cutter and it was Remsen's turn to go over the side so he gave his hand to Captain Elsworth and then to Mary, wishing them good luck and farewell, but hoping against hope, so he assured them, that it would be under more happy circumstances and at not such a very distant date that he would have the good fortune to meet them and speak with them again.

The Captain assured him that he reciprocated his wishes, saying, "I am always glad to see you, my boy, and shall hope, when we do meet again, to learn that you have conducted yourself in a most praiseworthy manner so that we may be proud of you."

Remsen promised him that he would do his best to merit their good wishes and later their commendation, then grasping their hands once more he started down the side ladder to the small boat.

At the same moment the Captain was called away suddenly to the wheel to lay the course of the ship, as the crew had the sails trimmed and she had caught the breeze.

When Remsen had descended a few steps he looked up and saw Mary leaning over the rail alone and even at the same moment she put her arm over standing on tiptoe in an effort to get her hand down far enough to offer it to him again, for he seemed to be going for such a long while.

Instantly he grasped it and standing there uncovered with his cap in his left hand, and still looking up at her, he said, "You always will think of me every day, won't you? And think well of me, the same as you say you have in the past. I may not always do right, but try and think so any way. You will never know differently until we meet again, and that may never be. You spoke of thinking of me as a hero and while I can never hope to be such, I like to feel that some one expects me to be, at least.

"You will promise not to forget me, won't you, Mary? You know I have no mother nor sisters, nor any one at home to praise me and sew for me, nor to send me boxes, and I, in this respect, am as dependent upon you as you seem to be upon me for some one at the front to think about, so will you promise?"

And Mary said, "I promise."

CHAPTER VII

A BROKEN CHAIN

The "Kennebec" altered her course to almost due west, preparatory to parting company with the "Mary Frances," as they were now within sight of Havana Harbor.

Remsen, upon returning from the "Mary Frances," reported to Capt. Bailey, including the desire of Capt. Elsworth, that the "Kennebec" convoy him as far as possible toward Havana with the result that Capt. Bailey fell in with his idea, inasmuch as their general course was in that direction any way.

It was now the intention to run west and cross the probable line of escape of the blockade runner in the hope of picking up some clue to her whereabouts, before shaping their course back to their position on the blockade.

So, being headed west, the "Kennebec" lowered her colors in farewell to the ship, on the deck of which could be seen plainly, particularly by Remsen, Capt. Elsworth and Mary waving farewell as he stood on the quarter deck with his head uncovered.

Finally, when the "Mary Frances" was hull down astern and a little more than her topmast could be seen Remsen was still dreaming of a position in life wherein the folks at home might be thinking of him, sewing for him, making up dainties and packing up boxes to be sent to him, and wondering on the whole what home was like and where was his home anyway!

The "Kennebec" probably had been running on

this course for fifty or sixty miles, perhaps a little more, when she had a chance to speak a British tramp and learn from her that they had seen a vessel which answered the description pretty accurately of the blockade runner nearly twenty miles back on the course, some five or eight miles to the south'ard, so, thanking the merchantman for his information, the "Kennebec" proceeded on her course with all possible haste and had gone perhaps twelve or fifteen miles when in the distance it was evident that some steamer burning black smoke was not far below the horizon, so altering their course slightly to follow the line of the smoke the "Kennebec" sighted their quarry, apparently, "hove to" and in a little time came within hailing distance of her.

To all their hails and inquiries they could get no response, so, finally Capt. Bailey called for volunteers to board the prize, and Remsen, as usual, was among the first to respond.

In fact as it turned out he was the only engineer officer to so volunteer and, consequently, was placed in command of the machinery and engine room on the "Gray Jacket."

One of the small boats was called away and manned and the volunteers were put alongside of the blockade runner.

The crew aboard of her, however, refused absolutely to make any move toward assisting them to get aboard and showed in every way possible that they intended to be as disagreeable and vicious as it was possible for them to be.

There was quite a little sea running which made it more or less difficult to hold the small boat in anything like a steady position, so that as there was no side ladder out nor lines over the side to enable them to accomplish an ascent in the usual manner,

they waited until the small boat was on the crest of a wave and then, one at a time, with their revolvers in their teeth, they made a jump for the rail of the larger boat and swung themselves on deck.

They found a surly crew indeed aboard the prize and, at the same time, they found out why they were able to overhaul her so easily and take her without resistance.

The "Gray Jacket" had, undoubtedly, formerly been nothing more nor less than a stern wheel Mississippi River steamboat with her boilers way forward and her engines way aft to drive a stern paddle wheel, the two being connected by a long copper steam pipe, running nearly the full length of the boat, this being the usual construction of such vessels.

But in order to convert her into a sea going vessel the stern wheel had been removed and a propeller substituted therefor. The propeller shaft being geared at right angles to the stern wheel engines in such a manner and in such a ratio as to turn the propeller about ten revolutions to one revolution that the ordinary stern paddle wheel would have made.

Then loading her with cotton, as already stated, they sent her to sea and all went well until, being so extremely flat bottomed, having been built, of course, for work in shoal water and being so heavily loaded with cotton, she commenced to "work" in the sea way until she not only started some butts but had actually worked the long copper steam pipe until it became laminated and ruptured near the middle, thus, of course, allowing so much steam to escape that it was impossible to run the engines and left no course open to them to pursue other than to close the stop valve at the boiler end of the pipe,

shutting off the steam while repairs could be made.

When the prize crew came aboard they found the engine room force of the "Gray Jacket" anxiously trying to wrap the ruptured copper steam pipe with canvas, red lead and twine.

And now, under the direction of their captors, this work was continued, layer on layer, until the leak was made sufficiently tight to be able to operate under low pressure.

The crew aboard the prize taken as a whole resembled pirates more than they did confederates, as they were of dark, swarthy complexion and in rather an unkempt condition. Undoubtedly they were natives of Louisiana, of a Creole type, and without question their ancestors not only came from France, but from the South of France at that.

Finally, the repairs completed, it was arranged between the "Kennebec" and her prize that the former should lead the way and the latter follow, as, of course, facilities in the event of a fog or cloudy weather aboard of the prize were not sufficiently complete to enable them to locate their position if they got off their course, and, therefore, it was deemed absolutely necessary to follow the "Kennebec" to port and thus make use of her quadrant, compass and other paraphernalia necessary to maintain the ship's course.

As it was nearly dark it was agreed that during the night the "Kennebec" would carry a light at her aft masthead, in other words her mainmast head, while the "Gray Jacket" was to carry a light at her foremast flag staff head with the idea that the prize would follow the light on the "Kennebec," and the officers on the "Kennebec" would know that they were being followed.

All this being understood the procession started

for Pensacola, as that port was at the time in the hands of the federals, it being the intention to turn the prize over to the Navy Yard authorities at that place.

Sometime along about midnight the union crew on the prize commenced to wonder what was the matter with those aboard the "Kennebec," as they were quite sure she was not keeping on her course, it was more than evident that she was going around in first one direction and then another, scribing large circles.

Of course, they kept following her as agreed, but more and more they became convinced that something must have happened to her steering gear, or else the man at the wheel had lost his head.

Finally, however, after several hours of this manœuvring, the "Kennebec" straightened her course away again and appeared to have succeeded in correcting whatever was wrong aboard of her, for from then until daybreak she never deviated, apparently, from a straight line to Pensacola.

However, with the first streak of dawn the "Kennebec" stopped and hailed the prize to come alongside.

As soon as the "Gray Jacket" pulled up within talking distance the first hail she got was, "Where in thunder have you been all night?"

In reply the "Kennebec" was advised that most of the time had been occupied in playing somewhat of a new "fangled" game for making rings on the ocean that was originated, apparently, by the "Kennebec."

With more or less discussion and the comparison of notes it was discovered that those aboard the "Kennebec" had supposed that the "Gray Jacket" had gone to the bottom, as after they had been following them for several hours it was reported from

the quarter deck that the light was no longer astern and that the circles and manoeuvrings had been continued in an effort to search for any evidence of the vessel or to pick up any of the crew who might be overboard.

This line of argument naturally brought about a little investigation aboard the other boat and then it was discovered that the light on the fore'ead flag staff was out and as it was only barely day break now it probably had been out some time.

After thinking the matter over seriously on both sides no determination could be reached whereby the laugh was on either side.

However, now it was light enough for the boats to be quite visible to each other they proceeded on their way to port and in due course arrived there at about four bells in the evening.

As soon as the prize was duly turned over to the Navy Yard the volunteers from the "Kennebec" aboard of her returned to their own ship and the "Kennebec" resumed her position on the blockade.

Of course, all aboard the "Kennebec," particularly those who volunteered to board the prize were in high glee and excellent spirits over the prospects of big prize money, to result from so heavy laden and so rich a prize.

They had been laying off Mobile for about ten days when they received orders to report to Admiral Farragut aboard the Flagship "Hartford" off the Delta of the Mississippi preparatory to a concerted attack on New Orleans.

Proceeding accordingly, as directed, they arrived and reported and were duly assigned to the Third Division, consisting of gunboats and converted cruisers.

As finally arranged the First Division headed by

the "Hartford" was to proceed up the river, followed by the Second and Third Divisions, which they did, far enough to be discovered, as was proven, by the rebel motar battery over on the flats opening fire upon them.

The union fleet, therefore, came to anchor just out of range and that night several small boats were sent up the river under cover of darkness to reconnoiter, one of which when they returned reported that they had discovered a heavy chain stretched across the river, just below the forts and supporting it at intervals were floating hulks.

Finally, after due consideration by the Admiral and the captains of the various divisions it was decided to make an attempt the next night to send a volunteer crew up the river to cut the chain, which proposal was duly carried out, after calling for volunteers to perform what was considered extra hazardous work, but unfortunately in this instance Remsen did not get an opportunity to offer his services, not being aboard of the flagship he did not know of the call until after the required number was obtained.

The next night thereafter the chain having successfully been cut between a certain two of the hulks, the fleet got under way, the first division, leading, passed through, fighting its way, of course, all the time, replying shot for shot, almost, to the heavy volley from Forts Jackson and St. Philip on the right and left banks of the river, but paying not much attention to the annoyance and damage caused by the motar battery which opened up on the fleet to assist the forts.

And finally after hard fighting and dodging the fire rafts that the rebels sent down stream against them, Farragut standing in the rigging, giving his

orders and shouting encouragement to his men, the first division passed the Forts and moved on up the river towards Baton Rouge and was at last above them.

In the same manner came the second division fighting, splinters flying, but fighting, always fighting! steadily on, killed and wounded all over the decks, the big forts blazing away right down from above them, as the forts had quite a little elevation above the river, but, nevertheless, they too finally passed through the hulks and on up the river followed by the third division which likewise succeeded, with one exception, in getting through where the chain was cut and fighting its way on, but by some error or mistake, no one, of course, would admit that they knew how it happened, the "Kennebec" attempted to pass between the wrong two hulks and fetched up solid, all of a sudden, hard and fast on the chain, right under the forts.

All the other vessels, every one of them, passed on up the river, the "Kennebec" alone remained behind, right under the forts and at the mercy of all their guns.

The poor little "Kennebec," one of the smallest of the Third Division, which was made up of the smallest and lightest armed of the vessels in the whole flotilla.

Nevertheless she was plucky and she fought, and she fought hard. She shot up at the forts and they blazed away at her all night long. Apparently they were handing her ten shots for every one she was giving them.

Their guns were much larger and heavier than any of the "Kennebec's" and there were many times more of them.

The one thing that the officers aboard the "Kenne-

bec," or any of the crew for that matter, could not understand was that, hour after hour, the fight went on, that the "Kennebec" was not already riddled and sunk long ago, but to all appearances she did not seem to be hurt as much as the vessels that they considered more successful, that had fought their way past the forts and had passed on up the river.

The forts still continued to fire, salvo after salvo, upon them, but the "Kennebec's" decks were not strewn with dead and wounded and her rigging and spars were still intact, with the exception of one of her topmasts.

It was a mystery.

There was no doubt about it the "Kennebec's" shots were effective upon the forts, for in two instances the "Kennebec's" 6-inch rifle succeeded in silencing two of the guns on Fort Jackson.

In fact the 6-inch rifle was the "Kennebec's" only means of effective defense against these forts as her lighter armament was of little use and made no impression on them.

Still the battle raged and momentarily every member of the crew, officers and men alike, wondered just how much longer they would be able to withstand the attack and just what moment would be their last, when finally the fatal shot would sink them.

After what seemed an interminable time, events were crowding themselves so fast one upon another in the darkness of night, the anxiety of the moment being so keen, it seemed an everlasting wait when the dawn finally broke.

At first details were indistinguishable, except very close at hand, but finally when the sun was about to rise innumerable cannon balls were discovered

outside the forts and just below, particularly, the muzzle of each of the guns.

Due consideration was given to this discovery on board the "Kennebec" and after more or less thought one of the officers looked at another, and another looked at another, and finally they all smiled; then one of them winked and there was a roar of laughter.

The land force having been pressing the forts from the rear and were now doubling their efforts with daybreak, just at this moment Remsen discovered that the forts had surrendered.

Finally, after the terms of surrender had been accepted and agreed upon and the confederate officers in command of the forts, with others, had been taken prisoners, the officers and the men aboard the "Kennebec" wanted them as their guests and asked to be permitted to entertain them, stating that they were perfectly willing, although their quarters on board such a small gunboat were limited, to vacate their berths in the ward room, explaining that their earnest desire to do this was in recognition of their great appreciation of the leniency they had shown the "Kennebec" in the battle during the night before by forgetting to lash the cannon balls to sabots, thereby permitting the cannon balls every time that the guns were loaded, run out and the muzzles depressed when aiming down upon the "Kennebec," to roll out of the cannon so that when the gun finally having been aimed and fired the confederates shot nothing but blank charges at the "Kennebec."

The cannon balls all laid on the ground outside of the fort under the muzzle of each gun in little heaps.

CHAPTER VIII

BATON ROUGE

Finally the "Kennebec" was released from her position on the chain after working at her for several days and finding that she had not been strained to any extent, at least to cause any leaks, she proceeded up the river joining the fleet at Baton Rouge too late, however, to take part in the capture of the city, as the battle had already been fought and won before her arrival.

Baton Rouge now being in the hands of the federals there was nothing of immediate importance for the vessels of the union navy to do other than to lay at anchor off the city, assisting in holding it by mere show of force, awaiting developments and further orders.

Having been at sea, at least outside of the harbors, so long that it was a rare opportunity and greatly appreciated to be now where shore leave, to a limited extent, could be permitted to the officers and men on board the ships.

The opportunity was cultivated by many for various reasons and objects.

Remsen took advantage of it to go shopping for one thing in an effort to replenish certain portions of his wardrobe, inasmuch as his clothes and uniforms with which he originally started out aboard the "Kennebec" were now in some instances worn and in other cases damaged, and thus, of course, had to be replaced as quickly as possible, as it made him considerably short at times.

Having one day when ashore occasion to pass by a shop of a tailor and men's furnisher, and observing some duck vests in the window, he went in and bargained for a dozen to be made to order for him, such as he wore with his dress uniform.

At the conclusion of the interview, as he was about leaving the shop, Remsen, having observed from the trend of his conversation that the tailor was a rank "Reb," in his sympathies and sentiments at least, facetiously asked him how he was to pay him, in union or confederate money.

The tailor replied that "'Federate money was good enough for him;" so Remsen fearing that he might change his mind went out and very shortly found an opportunity to change one dollar Union money for a hundred dollars of confederate paper and went back to pay the tailor in advance and took a receipt.

Thus obtaining the whole dozen vests for one dollar, owing to the tailor's stubbornness in refusing to admit that the cause was lost, notwithstanding the capture of New Orleans and his own city of Baton Rouge in addition to others that were constantly telling their own story.

It was not so many days after this occurrence that Remsen was sitting on deck near the mainmast, with his pipe almost out in his hand, and an expression on his face that plainly told that his thoughts and himself had parted company temporarily.

He had spells of this kind now and then at times when there were not many about, and in this particular instance in his thoughts he was standing on a side ladder looking up at Mary and she was saying, "I promise."

He wondered if she had ever thought of that promise since. Did she ever think of him at all?

It did not seem likely to him as he sat there in a place where she doubtless never thought of him as being, and, she, he knew not where!

The crackle of small arms brought Remsen back to himself as quickly as it did to his feet.

One of the "Kennebec's" small boats was just putting off from the shore with several of her officers, who were bringing back their laundry.

A company of guerrillas on horse back had dashed down to the beach and fired a volley at the "gig" as she made for the "Kennebec."

As Remsen looked he rubbed his eyes to get a clearer vision and then could see clearly that one of the oars had been shattered by a bullet, and, almost at the same time, the flag staff in the stern was cut away and started to drop "by the board," colors and all, was grabbed in his left hand by one of the officers sitting in the stern, who waved the colors madly over his head.

This was too much for Remsen, and, as on many occasions before, his blood was up, the audacity of the guerrillas daring to come down and attack the stars and stripes in such a manner after the surrender of the city was not only insulting, but contrary to the laws of civilization and the rules of a truce.

Remsen, practically, alone as he was, rushed for one of the howitzers and before anybody could get to his assistance had succeeded in managing to swing it about without help until he got it trained toward the shore, but in his excitement, unfortunately, he did not take time to sight it accurately, particularly as to elevation, but in an effort to protect his mates and scare the enemy away he pulled the priming cord and the howitzer blazed away.

The contents flew high, way over the heads of all those on the beach and landed, so it was after-

wards discovered, square in the dome of the State House, which carried the marks for many days thereafter.

The people in the village became almost panic stricken as a result of this piece of work, many assuming, up in the town, that battle had opened again became, in some instances, almost terrified, after their recent experience when the city was captured. A few women, so it was said, actually fainting away with fright.

In spite of all, however, Remsen accomplished the desired result, for instantly the howitzer was fired the guerillas turned tail and made good their escape under the cover of a small woods standing a short way back from the river.

When the officers got back to the "Kennebec" with their laundry Remsen could not quite decide whether he was being congratulated or ridiculed, whether he was a hero or a fool, judging from the ovation that was tendered him.

His hand was shaken, his back was patted and words of commendation were uttered, but, unfortunately, all accompanied by roars of laughter and pointed remarks about his marksmanship.

However, his decision on the point was deferred by the discovery when he went to shake hands with one of the officers that he had to accept his left hand in doing so, owing to the officer's right arm having been broken by one of the shots from the guerrillas.

He also learned from the rest that this same officer was the one who grabbed the colors on the broken staff in his left hand and waved them over his head, the same bullet that broke the staff having broken his right arm.

Laying off Baton Rouge at anchor had become

more or less tiresome as time wore on, notwithstanding the occasional shore leave and the opportunities thus afforded to seek pleasures and break the monotony.

After a while, however, orders were circulated to the commanders of the various vessels to prepare to move on further up the river.

It was only a little later that rumors commenced to fly thick and fast that preparations were under way for a second attack on Vicksburg.

About this time Remsen commenced to be troubled a great deal with headaches and a general feeling of indisposition and as days wore on he continued to feel worse, until finally he came to the conclusion that it would be necessary for him to ask advice of the ship's physician.

This particular evening that he interviewed the doctor he began to feel very badly, almost from the time the midday mess was over.

After the doctor heard what he had to say describing his feelings, he made the usual examinations and advised Remsen that he had better go to his stateroom and turn in, as he had considerable fever, adding that he could not say positively just what the trouble was for a day or so pending further developments.

That night Remsen's fever ran pretty high and he was delirious at intervals.

The doctor being summoned by Remsen's roommate gave it as his opinion that the trouble, more than likely, was yellow fever, but he was not sure, contracted while lying off and in the different Gulf ports during the hot seasons.

In the morning the fever had subsided to some extent, but Remsen felt decidedly ill and somewhat weak, besides developing pains in almost every portion of his body.

Along about eight bells, however, the fever made a reappearance, as the afternoon and evening wore on it became more intense and insistent than the night before.

Therefore, Remsen was delirious almost continuously throughout the night, knowing nothing much of what was going on, until dawn came and the fever commenced to recede somewhat.

This day the doctor's doubts, if he had any, were all dispelled for he announced positively that there was no question about it, it was a case of "Yellow Jack."

Well! the upshot of the whole matter was that for weeks Remsen was raging with fever and delirium.

In fact before he knew anything more, or could understand anything intelligently, the capture of Vicksburg had taken place and the "Kennebec" had returned to Mobile under orders as one of the station vessels, now that the federals were investing this port, preparatory to the battle of Mobile Bay.

Therefore, almost the first information requested by Remsen when he was lucid enough to comprehend anything was, naturally, the usual question as to where he was.

Thereupon, he was informed that they were anchored just outside the mouth of Mobile Bay where they had been for several weeks.

It was a wonder to all that Remsen managed to live through the fever, for his case was by no means a light one, but now that the crisis had passed some time ago he was slightly but steadily gaining day by day.

He was extremely weak in consequence of the breaking of the fever and the wear and tear of the disease and had lost much weight.

He was very pale and was almost a skeleton, appearing to be barely skin and bones, or but a trifle more at the best.

Unfortunately several other officers and some of the men had come down with yellow fever on board, having either taken it from Remsen or contracted it in a similar manner at different periods during his own illness and none of them had yet started on the road to recovery.

In the course of a few days more Remsen was able to sit up a little while, until finally a day came when he was permitted to sit up a couple of hours in the morning and about the same length of time again in the afternoon.

The second day after this a pretty heavy wind came up with the sun in the morning and as the sun rose the velocity of the wind steadily increased, in the middle of the afternoon becoming more than a wind, it developed into a gale of over sixty miles an hour.

Of course, under these conditions it had been necessary to run out both anchors and all the chain and cable available, but just before sundown the wind became so furious that the "Kennebec," in spite of all the precautions, began to drag both anchors, until finally it was decided that it would be absolutely necessary to spread the fires and turn the main engines over slowly in order to steam up to the gale.

It so happened just at this time that there was not an engineer officer of a commanding rank to take charge of the engine room who was even as well as Remsen, and for a time the line officers of the deck were considerably put about to determine what had best be done, and in fact what could be done in case there was no one capable to take charge in the engine room available.

Remsen hearing of the conditions and that the vessel was dragging her anchors in a terrific gale, and it was only a matter of a short time when she would be beached, suggested that if some of the boys would carry him into the engine room in his chair he would try and sit there and give the necessary orders for the others to execute.

At first this did not seem to sound reasonable, and the doctor and the rest were in doubt as to its feasibility, but Remsen became insistent and reminded them that it was war and in the final analysis it made little difference about one man's life considered with the safety of a whole vessel and all her crew, and, as far as that went, he was pretty sure it would not do him much damage any way.

So, finally, with the doctor along some of them carried Remsen in his chair to the engine room, but when they arrived there it was discovered that the engine room was pretty warm and Remsen being very weak perspired very easily.

The excitement and exertion of being moved and carried below after having been in his room so many weeks, and not even having walked a few steps as yet, told visibly on his strength and it could be easily seen that he had to make strong decided efforts to sit up in the chair and that it was practically impossible for him to do so in a straight position.

However, about this time word came below that the "Kennebec" was dragging her anchors even more rapidly than before and that now they had traversed nearly one-half the distance from their original position to the shore.

The anchors now must, apparently, be pulling through soft mud, as it would seem that they had no hold at all to amount to anything.

Remsen made a strong effort to brace up and

instructed that he be lashed in his chair, as that would help him to sit up and prevent him possibly from falling out of his chair, in case he should faint.

So this being accomplished he sat there in the heat of the engine room, with nothing on but his underwear and a pair of slippers, giving orders occasionally and replying to questions when requested to do so, but to no greater extent than was compulsory, in order to keep the engines moving fast enough to keep the anchors from dragging.

Every now and then Remsen would remove languidly one of his slippers in order to empty the perspiration which ran down into them.

As the hours wore on it seemed to Remsen that the engine room grew hotter and hotter and he became so weak from the heat and effort in consequence of his terribly rundown condition that it seemed to him that the pores of his skin had absolutely relaxed and were literally wide open.

His mind commenced to feel weak and he seemed to be unable to control his thoughts and constantly it kept recurring to him to wonder whether he could stick it out longer than the gale or whether finally the gale would be the victor.

At last, several hours later, somewhat after midnight, the gale commenced to subside, gradually lessening in its force until about daybreak its velocity had reduced sufficiently to enable the anchors to hold unassisted.

Immediately this information was transmitted from the deck to the engine room.

The petty officer bearing this message discovered Remsen hanging half out of his chair unconscious, in a dead faint.

It seems that at the same moment one of the oilers in the engine room was on his way to find the doc-

tor, having seen that Remsen had finally "caved in" under the strain a few minutes before.

Of course, now it took but a few minutes to round up the necessary assistance to carry Remsen back to his stateroom and put him into his berth, under the care of the ship's doctor.

All realized only too well the sacrifice that Remsen had made of his own health and prospects for further life in their interest and safety and could have described the hands that carried him as tender ones.

It was soon evident to the doctor that he had hard work ahead and he bent to it with a will, in fact it was well toward noon of the next day before he succeeded, with more or less assistance from those able and willing to help, in bringing Remsen back to a sufficiently normal condition for him to open his eyes and be conscious of anything about him.

Of course, this whole episode acted more or less like a relapse and put Remsen's recovery back.

The matter, however, was duly reported to Washington together with a recommendation that a leave of absence be granted Remsen as soon as he had regained sufficient strength to travel and permit him to go North on sick leave, and thus give him an opportunity to regain all of his old-time vigor in the North where it was cooler and the atmosphere more bracing.

In the meantime Remsen was convalescing and improving slightly, though continually from day to day, until several weeks more had elapsed.

At about this time communication from Washington brought commendation of all that Remsen had done in the emergency to save the "Kennebec" and granting the suggested sick leave.

CHAPTER IX

SICK LEAVE

In the space of a week or so after the receipt of the documents from Washington, Remsen had an opportunity to go North on one of the station vessels which had been ordered to the New York Navy Yard, having been relieved by another which had arrived and reported for that purpose.

He was not, of course, altogether strong and robust as yet, by any means, but he felt able to make the trip and so, taking such of his effects with him as he would be likely to need during his absence, he was shortly on his way to New York, outside the beach.

Of course, it would have been problematical as to his ever getting through overland and the opportunity, therefore, which came to him to travel on a union naval vessel by an all-water route was very opportune.

Day by day after they left the Gulf, passed Key West and proceeded about northeast, Remsen improved as the climate improved and became more moderate in temperature. The atmosphere seemed clearer and more invigorating.

Finally passing in at Sandy Hook it was but a few hours more before Remsen arrived at the Navy Yard.

And now proceeded directly to the Mansion House, having hailed a cab, as he still felt too weak to travel otherwise through the city with his lug-

gage, in the hope of finding that his father and step-mother were there, or that otherwise he might possibly be able to locate their whereabouts in that way.

Upon arriving at the hotel, however, he was doomed to disappointment as he found that they could give him no information on the subject whatever, inasmuch as, apparently, Mr. Remsen, Sr., and his wife had not been guests of the house for a year or two.

However, Remsen obtained accommodations for himself and determined to make himself as comfortable as possible, rest content and let the South take care of itself.

For a few days he did not go about a great deal and improved in strength and health very rapidly now that he was in a northern latitude which seemed to be very effective in restoring him to a normal condition, undoubtedly, on account of the change from the Gulf of Mexico being so decidedly marked.

It was not so many days, however, before he felt able to go further afield and started out for a walk passing down Orange Street to Fulton and up Fulton to the City Hall, stopping in one or two of the shops and making a few purchases of odds and ends that appealed to him, and returning to the hotel took occasion to walk along the heights before going in, although it was slightly out of his way, in order to get a view of the harbor as the docks and the shipping that lay before and beneath him all suggested things naturally appealing to him, his desires always leading in that direction.

In this particular instance he was specially interested in the operations coincident with the unloading of a vessel at a dock near Wall Street ferry by means

of steam hoisting engines and the storing of the cargo in warehouses on the dock.

Finally, going back to the hotel, he realized that he was considerably fatigued and went to his room to rest a while.

The next morning when he went out he strolled down Hicks Street and around down Fulton to Sand Street to the Navy Yard with the idea of passing some time amusing himself watching the large number of men employed there working on many boats and vessels that the Government had purchased and converted into transports and supply ships in the majority of instances, while some were used as commerce destroyers and scouts.

The yard was literally packed with vessels of all descriptions undergoing alterations and repairs, all the machinery was humming and men were busy in the extreme.

While there talking with some of the yard officers that he ran across he learned that a class very soon had examinations for commissions and promotion.

This brought to his mind the opportunity he had while convalescing on leave of absence to study up a little and make a try with the class in the hope of gaining a higher commission in the Navy.

So he started right back to the hotel, on his way stopping to purchase such text books and essays, treatises, etc., by authorities on naval and marine subjects such as he would need, and arriving at his hotel went right to his room and after first giving his purchases a cursory inspection settled down to study them hard, right through, from the beginning, laying special stress on points with which he was not as familiar as he might be.

Thus, having no relations, or even friends, at hand to assist him in passing the time, he used this method

to break the monotony of the days which he had at his disposal.

Of course, it was impossible for him to devote all of his time to hard study, but he made it a habit to put in pretty nearly all of the morning at it and then spent the afternoon out of doors, and an occasional evening he devoted to amusement, now that he had nearly regained his health and strength.

After passing quite a number of days in this way he was returning home one afternoon by circling around and along the edge of the heights, as was frequently his wont, owing to the lure that the ships and the sea always had for him, and when he had reached a point just above Harbeck's stores he noticed a tug boat swinging a vessel about in an effort to dock her.

The ship was flying a burgee aloft on which Remsen read distinctly as it straightened out before an extra puff of wind, the name, "Mary Frances."

Remsen was on his way back to the hotel but when he saw the magic name it seemed too bad to him that he could not get right down off the heights onto the dock, but he got there nevertheless as soon as he could, considering that he had to go way around several blocks to get down below the stone wall and then come back to a point under where he stood originally.

Therefore, by the time Remsen was out on the dock the "Mary Frances" had been brought alongside and was made fast.

When Remsen appeared on the dock Capt. Ellsworth standing on the deck, just aft of the mainmast, was surprised beyond description when looking in his direction he saw him approaching.

Of course, it was quick work for the Captain to

come to the side of the ship and for Remsen to go aboard, and the salutations exchanged can readily be imagined.

Remsen was indeed glad to have the Captain arrive in port while he was in the city and it would seem from the actions and expressions of the Captain that he was welcoming his own son back again from the war, he almost embraced him.

"Well! Well!" said the Captain, "I am more than glad to see you, my boy. I never expected to find you in the North. How does it come that you are not fighting the rebels? You remember that I left you with the injunction that you should give a good account of yourself that your friends might be proud of you, but Come! Come! I know you would not be here if it were not in line with your duty, all of which you can explain at your leisure later, but now, believe me, it gives me the greatest pleasure in the world to be able to have you with me for the time we will be in port and you must be sure and let us see a great deal of you for there are long spells in between that we do not have a chance to see you at all. Just think, it has been nearly two years since we left you down in the Gulf of Mexico, just outside the Harbor of Havana."

Remsen thought a moment and then said that it did not seem possible that they had been apart so long, a great deal had happened though in the meantime, and then when he thought of it in other ways it seemed years, and added, "You are certainly a good friend, Captain, and your evident pleasure at seeing me overwhelms me, but I can assure you that it is more than reciprocated, for no one will ever be more glad to see you than I am at this moment."

"We are well met, indeed," said the Captain, "and won't Mary be surprised! Wait a moment, I will call her."

Whereupon the Captain stepped to the hatchway and called below to Mary, advising her that there was some one on deck who wanted to see her.

Mary appeared promptly, considering that she was a girl, evidently not taking time to look in the glass or make any preparation, possibly her seafaring life had taught her to respond quickly and promptly and not to put so much store by the fussiness of those girls who live ashore and had time to spare, and to say that she was surprised would be a mild statement.

She was not only surprised, for in a half a second that expression gave place to one of joy and gladness, as one could judge by the brightening of her countenance.

As soon as she saw Remsen, almost, she tripped forward rapidly and gave him both hands and welcomed him probably more by her actions and the expression of her face than any other way, for she said very few words, though those were, "I am so glad to see you. It is so much better than just thinking of you at an unknown distance."

The greetings thus having been accomplished a general conversation ensued between all three.

Of course, Remsen wanted to know whether they had just come from Australia, if they got fitted out all right at Havana and reached Melbourne without further mishap with all the details, to which Mary replied, "It is quite a long story, I will tell you about it later, but first tell me, did you lose the prize that you were after when we left you and how is it that you are in the North, that you are up here on shore?"

And the Captain added his request to Mary's for information along these same lines.

"Hold on," said Remsen, "to reply to what you ask will also take quite some time, but I will say, to be sure we got the prize, indeed we did, and there was quite a joke about our effort to get her into port, too. Oh! I will tell you all about it in good time. All about that and about how I come to be North, as a matter of fact, you know I am on sick leave."

Which information brought an expression ranging from surprise to regret to the faces of both the Captain and Mary.

Seeing which Remsen hastened to add, "Oh! it is not anything serious now, I am quite convalescent, but I had a close call for a while, but now, I have lots more to tell you. All about the battle of New Orleans, the battle of Baton Rouge and Vicksburg and lots of things, everything has been moving along quite a pace—history has been in the making since I saw you last."

Just at this point the cabin boy appeared on deck and announced that supper was ready, so Remsen immediately expressed surprise that it was so late, in fact he had forgotten that it was well along in the afternoon when he arrived on board and that the time since had flown rapidly, owing to the pleasure of the meeting and the subsequent conversation, adding that he would take his immediate departure and started to bid them good night.

The Captain, however, protested, on the ground that it had been so long since they had been together before, insisting that Remsen remain with them to supper, which invitation Mary was by no means slow in emphasizing.

Remsen suggested, however, that they had only

just docked and it would probably be more convenient for them if he stayed some other night, and that it was only a step to his hotel where everything was in readiness for him, but neither the Captain nor Mary would listen to a refusal. Mary stating that she particularly wanted him to stay so that he could give her a full history of all his doings and all that had transpired since their last meeting, during the evening, after supper.

So thus urged Remsen finally decided to stay and accepted the invitation.

That settled, they all proceeded below and when seated about the table in the cabin there were many questions asked and answered on both sides, in a desultory way, it seemed that there were so many things that everybody wanted to know all at once, until finally the conversation settled down to Remsen's detailed recital of events, through the Captain's insisting upon knowing about his illness.

From then on during the evening Remsen gave a full account of himself until it was all thoroughly understood as to his share in the capture of the blockade runner "Gray Jacket" and the episode of the "Kennebec" being caught in the chains under Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, the shooting of the hole in the dome of the State House, Baton Rouge, the second attack on Vicksburg and Remsen being taken down with yellow fever, his saving the "Kennebec" from going aground by dragging her anchors in the gale, and finally being invalided North, together with the information that he was now improving his opportunity to prepare for the coming examinations in the hope of promotion.

Having thus brought his story up to date it occurred to him that it must be well along in the

evening, so looking at the time he found it was almost eleven o'clock.

Remarking how the time flew in pleasant company he arose and bid them both good night, adding, "Since my illness I have not been keeping late hours and it is now long past my retiring time, but I must apologize for monopolizing the evening in so egotistical a fashion. I'm awfully disappointed that I have not yet heard how you fared during the same interval and I am quite put out with myself to think that I have consumed so much time that it is my own fault that I have been deprived of this information."

"Oh! now!" said Mary, "that will keep over night and tomorrow I will begin early and you shall have the whole story."

Remsen, in the act of shaking hands with her stopped and looking at her, said, "Then I may come again tomorrow early?"

"Oh! my, yes!" said Mary, and the Captain in the same breath. "We expect to see a great deal of you, all that we possibly can, for it is not often that we have that opportunity and only at short intervals, as I said before," added the Captain.

So Remsen said "Bon soir" and hopped onto the dock, turned, lifted his hat, then disappeared into the night.

CHAPTER X

GOOD BYE, AGAIN

The next morning right after breakfast Remsen went to his room as usual and started in to study, but did not succeed quite as well as formerly. He could not get down to detail and thoroughness satisfactorily. He freely admitted to himself that he was in a hurry, anxious to get away, but, nevertheless, he was determined to accomplish the usual amount of study before starting out.

Constantly he found it more difficult, frequently catching himself thinking of something else, with his thoughts off of his books, then having to return and read the page over again, realizing when he reached the bottom that he had not imbibed a single word that he had perused.

Finally, though he had passed over the usual amount of text, he was anything but satisfied with results he had obtained by so doing, but had to admit that it was the very best he could do for he had tried as hard as he could under the circumstances.

So closing the books he took his hat and started out, just before noon.

He went toward the Navy Yard until he reached the end of the stone wall along the front of the heights, then rounded it and doubled back to Harbeck stores.

He walked rapidly out on the dock and the tide being low jumped clear across the waste of the "Mary Frances" down onto the deck.

The noise of his arrival in this fashion announced his presence sufficiently to attract the attention of the Captain, who was on the opposite side of the deck. He turned and gave Remsen a warm welcome and bid him "good morning," which Remsen acknowledged and returned and added, "of all the places on earth the "Mary Frances" gives me the first and only insight into what home might be like, and you and Mary seem to be closer relations than any that I have, even my own father, for nowhere do I receive the warm welcome and consideration that I do at your hands and in no place on earth do I feel that contentment and complete satisfaction that seems to give that feeling of home, as near as I can understand it from the description I have had from others. It may seem odd that a ship feels like home, but until I have one more suitable on land, it will have to serve as the only place that ever brings the thought of home to my mind."

Captain Elsworth assured him that he was most happy to hear him say that he felt in this way, that, while of course, he would like to know that Remsen had a home that he loved and appreciated, with a father and mother and sisters, and perhaps brothers, who always had a warm welcome for him, at the same time since it seemed that such was denied him, Captain Elsworth added, "I will be very glad to do the best I can myself to make amends to you for this omission, my boy, for what I have seen of you and known of you I am proud of you and I have always liked you and trusted you and I know of nothing that would grieve me more than to meet with the calamity of discovering that I had made an error in doing all these."

Continuing, the Captain said, "It is noon. I see the workmen about the docks are quitting for

dinner. You were late in arriving, I thought you were to come early and, by the way, hear Mary's story. I am afraid now that we will have to have dinner first and defer the recital until afternoon. Come! we will go below and see if dinner is ready."

Arriving in the cabin they found Mary, and she, having exchanged greetings with Remsen, told them in reply to her father's inquiry, that dinner was just about ready to be served.

Consequently they all sat down at the table and proceeded with the meal, until finally, having finished it, the Captain went back on deck while Mary and Remsen remained below.

They did not carry on a great deal of conversation until the cabin boy had finished clearing the table and then Remsen, feeling that it was a little difficult to start a subject, nevertheless made an effort by remarking, "You have not changed very much in two years, with the exception possibly that you are a little more mature, I will not say older."

Mary replied by informing Remsen that the interval since their last meeting had certainly been generous with him, concluding, "you don't look a bit older and I can detect no change except, if anything, you are a little better looking."

Remsen reminded her that he had not yet heard anything of her experiences on the trip to Australia and back and suggested that now was a most opportune time to begin the story.

"Well!" she said, "of course, we repaired damages at Havana which took five or six days and then we cleared once more for Melbourne and I do not recall any episodes during the trip worth relating, that is, that would be interesting to you in any way, as we were molested no more, probably on account of getting out of the war zone, and we did not even

have a big gale. We were delayed quite some time in getting a return cargo, which necessitated our remaining in Melbourne for quite a while. Finally, however, we loaded a cargo for New York and arrived here, as you know, after another uneventful voyage, except being becalmed or having only very light winds the majority of the time."

"But," said Remsen, "didn't you do anything while you were in Australia? You said you were there a considerable time?"

"No, nothing particular," replied Mary, "father is not much of a hand to go around, except so far as business errands take him here and there occasionally."

"Well!" said Remsen, "considering all of which don't you think it is about time you did do something to enjoy yourself?"

"Why, yes," acquiesced Mary, "perhaps you can suggest something."

"To be sure," returned Remsen, "I have a capital idea, I think."

Mary inquired, "What is it?"

"That you and your father go with me to the theatre some evening soon, whenever I can make suitable arrangements," and Remsen asked, "Will you go if your father agrees?"

"I should be more than pleased to do so," said Mary, thinking over the fact that it was the first time in a long while since she had been in anything like a theatre or even had such an opportunity.

So when Remsen took his departure that evening he made it a point to broach the subject to Captain Elsworth and met with decided success, as the Captain was not only delighted to go to the theatre, but expressed himself so, and further stated, "I am still more pleased to know that you thought of me

in this connection and that instead of asking my permission to take Mary you asked me to go along, which only is further proof that my confidence has not been misplaced. I am not only very much pleased to accept your invitation, young man, but I am equally pleased to let you include Mary in the invitation."

So that being settled Remsen took his departure and disappeared up the dock and thus wending his way back to the hotel retired for the night.

The next day was the one set for the examinations at the Navy Yard and it was, therefore necessary for Remsen to report very early in the forenoon, in fact he had to remain pretty much the whole day for the examinations were hard and tedious.

The evening was, therefore, well advanced before he was released, but then he lost no time in catching a ferry boat to New York and appearing at the box office of Wallack's Theatre, on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway, where he obtained seats for the next night to witness Edwin Forrest appearing in the leading part, Jack Cade, of Aylmere."

Although Remsen was in a hurry to get back in time, if possible, to run down to the "Mary Frances" before dark, it proved to be impossible to do so. It seemed as if the stage horses were perfectly willing to take all night to reach the Battery, and then, of course, Remsen just missed a boat.

Consequently when he did get on the Brooklyn side he decided that the next course open to him to pursue was to return to his hotel to get a late meal.

The next day, however, was his own to improve as he saw fit, for he was through studying and his examinations were over, and, therefore, it was only for propriety's sake that he did not ap-

pear aboard the "Mary Frances" earlier than he did.

Perhaps it would have been just as well for him if he had arrived a half hour sooner, for it surprised him to realize, and he had to admit it, that he was disappointed when Captain Elsworth informed him that Mary was not aboard, when Remsen asked for her.

"Not aboard! Where is she?" asked Remsen. And the thought struck him that she had never been away before, but had always been there whenever he arrived, but, at the same time, he had to admit that that was fortunate for him rather than to consider the reverse his misfortune, for it was only natural that she should go ashore, occasionally at least.

"Oh! she has gone up into the town to visit some of the stores to get a few things she needs," replied the Captain. "I dare say she will be back before long. Make yourself comfortable and wait."

And Remsen waited but, the Captain being pretty busy with the men as they were still unloading the cargo and as it had taken more time than the Captain thought it should, he was giving the matter more of his personal attention today than usual, he had little opportunity for conversation, and in fact the longer he waited the more glum he became.

Finally when he reached the stage when it was evident that he was actually peevish, he rose and walked past the Captain, saying, as he did so, "I will take a turn up the street and see if I can meet her, I will be back later if I do not succeed in doing so."

"All right," said the Captain, "don't stay long though."

To which Remsen made no reply and hopped onto the dock and rapidly strode away.

When Mary returned she told her father that she had seen nothing of Remsen, but toward the latter part of the afternoon he made his appearance, having stayed away long enough evidently to recover from the humor that he was in in the morning.

He had just told them that he had obtained tickets for the theatre for that night and had received their assurances that they would be quite ready when it was time to go when one of the stevedores came to Captain Elsworth and advised him that another bale had been discovered after they thought the cargo was all out, the fire in the boiler that ran the hoisting engine had been hauled and the men had gone.

Captain Elsworth was annoyed and somewhat at a loss to know just what to do, how to get the bale up on the dock, as it was quite a lift and the bale was pretty heavy.

Remsen said nothing, but climbed up on the dock and went over and looked at the steam gauge on the boiler, and discovered, just as he anticipated, that although there was no fire there was still sixty pounds pressure on the boiler, the water not having cooled off in the few minutes since the fire had been hauled.

So he walked back to the edge of the dock and told the stevedore that if he would hook fast to the bale that it would be an easy matter to hoist it up into the storehouse.

Immediately the stevedore and Captain Elsworth both showed their surprise on their faces and shouted back at him, "it is impossible, how can it be done?"

Remsen smiled and simply said, "hook fast and you will see."

So the stevedore looked at Captain Elsworth as

if for instructions, the Captain looked at the stevedore and nodded his head so they both walked over and made the hoisting tackle fast to the bale.

Then Remsen opened the throttle and the hoisting engine started exhausting the steam into the atmosphere as if it had been just in the middle of its day's work, and up went the bale into the air.

Everybody stood aghast. One or two of the crew of the ship took several steps further away with the apparent desire to run and showed plainly by the expressions of their faces that they thought there was something uncanny about the whole affair.

Finally, the bale having been safely stored in the warehouse, the engine was stopped and Remsen walked back to the side of the ship, explaining that there was nothing extraordinary about what he did, in reply to the several inquiries he received.

The large body of very hot water still in the boiler simply acted as a reservoir for the latent heat which when drawn upon by opening the throttle continued to produce steam to run the engine for a short period.

Nevertheless, the episode in those days, when people generally were not as familiar with steam machinery as in later periods, gained for Remsen not an unenviable reputation.

By this time it was growing late and Remsen hurriedly left them, promising to be back about seven o'clock in order that they might start in ample time to arrive at the theatre before the performance began.

He, therefore, had none too much time to get to the hotel and dress and have his dinner before he had to start with the carriage to get Mary and her father.

When he arrived at the "Mary Frances" the Cap-

tain was already on deck and Remsen had no sooner reached the deck than Mary also made her appearance.

When she did so Remsen was moving toward the companionway, but as soon as he saw her he stopped stock still.

Remsen never saw Mary look so attractive before. It was, of course, the first time he had ever seen her dressed for the evening and he had never before seen her with her hair up.

When he finally got his bearings again he unhesitatingly said, "You are very beautiful tonight, Mary, and yet, it brings a certain sorrow to me, you are so different. I suppose it is because you look wholly a woman now and I miss the braids. It seems for the moment as though I had lost my little sister."

All the while the Captain had been almost at his elbow and, Remsen, perhaps oblivious to the fact, was rather amused, apparently, by Remsen's consternation, mingled pleasure and disappointment which was quite evident.

The Captain touched Remsen's elbow and said, "Perhaps we had better be getting on, don't you think?"

"Yes, yes, by all means," replied Remsen. "I didn't mean to cause delay for we must not be late."

Then, after helping Mary into the carriage, the Captain and Remsen followed, and upon the door slamming, the driver whipped up his horses and they were off for New York.

Mary was in excellent spirits and showed her evident enjoyment every moment, not only at the theatre, but on the way over and back.

An event of this kind was a rare incident in her life, for she had not had many opportunities to enjoy any pleasures on shore, owing to the peculiar life

she had been compelled to live aboardship and the large proportion of her time having to be spent on the high seas and a good deal of the remainder of her time in insignificant ports where theatres, operas or other entertainments of merit were not available.

On the way over the conversation was of a light character in general between all three of them, although Remsen did not maintain his pro rata proportion of it, being a little more inclined to be quiet than was his habit. He seemed to be too occupied with his eyes, observing Mary in every detail as she appeared this night, to follow the conversation accurately enough to comment, except here and there, occasionally, as his mind was brought back to the subject by some direct question being put to him.

They had barely arrived at the theatre and taken their seats when the curtain arose and the play was on.

Mary sat between the Captain and Remsen, the latter being on the isle.

There occurred no opportunity, therefore, for conversation until the end of the first act when Remsen turned to Mary and whispered, "It is quite evident that you are enjoying yourself."

"Indeed I am," she replied.

"I am not so fortunate. I cannot, for the life of me, quite make up my mind whether I am glad or sorry that we came, not but what the play is fair enough, nor but what the actors are undoubtedly excellent, although I cannot bring my mind to bear particularly upon the play tonight."

"What is it makes you so in doubt?" inquired Mary.

"I am absolutely unable to reconcile my thoughts; they are in conflict. I had but one thought and that was a happy evening, until suddenly I saw you

when you appeared on deck and ever since the first shock I have kept on thinking, the possibilities that never occurred to me before and my doubts and fears on one side, while opposed, on the other side, are my admiration and approval of your very effective attire and attractive appearance."

"Well! don't worry," said Mary, "if you like my appearance this way so much I will promise you another treat in the near future."

"Oh! but that is just it," exclaimed Remsen, "I am in constant dread,"—

But just at this point the curtain arose and further conversation had to be deferred.

During the next intermission the Captain insisted upon discussing the merits of the play in which he had become very much interested, to such an extent that it was impossible for Remsen to resume the former subject and continue the conversation from the point where it was interrupted.

Then they sat through the last act and when this was finished arose and went out with the rest, Remsen helping Mary with her wraps in the lobby, and entered the carriage and started for home.

Arriving at the "Mary Frances," and Remsen having said "Good night" to the Captain, who had expressed in most emphatic terms his great appreciation of Remsen's kindness and the pleasure that he had given him, he turned for a moment's conversation with Mary and taking both her hands he exclaimed, "Just think of it, the suggested possibilities that come to my mind are awful, Mary. Tonight you appear to be fully a woman, indeed, and a most attractive one. It is only too evident that it will not be long before there will be many to take you to the theatres and some, or perhaps one to monopolize half your time, and then I"—

"Will not be able to monopolize all of it," interrupted Mary, with a decidedly feminine laugh, and shaking his hands pulled her own away and tripped rapidly down the steps into the cabin.

Remsen, left standing alone, was dumbfounded for a minute, then had to admit, when he thought the situation over, that Mary was diplomatic and that the interruption was opportune, for, of course, he was not going to say what Mary had finished for him.

Then he turned and dove into the interior of the carriage, slammed the door and was driven to the hotel.

It was not many days thereafter that Remsen received orders from the Navy Department in his mail to report for duty to Admiral D. D. Porter, Flagship "Colorado," commanding the South Atlantic Squadron, as soon as his leave expired and in the meantime he had also been advised that he had passed his examinations successfully and that it would only be a short time, due to routine and a large amount of business to be handled by the Department, when he would be in receipt of a new commission giving him higher rank.

The arrival of the instructions for him to report for duty was the first reminder that he had that there was not a great deal of time left of his leave of absence and that, therefore, it would be well for him to ascertain without delay the first opportunity of which he could avail himself to be put aboard the "Colorado" to enable him to report to Admiral Porter, and the best method to accomplish this desired result.

Therefore, the first thing he did was to proceed to the Navy Yard and make inquiries, which led to the discovery that a transport at that time was

about ready to sail with supplies to the South Atlantic Squadron and that if he lost no time he would be able to get aboard and proceed forthwith.

Upon inquiring for her definite time of sailing he found that he would be able to rush down to the dock and bid his steadfast friends adieu, stop at the hotel on his return for his baggage and be back in time at the Navy Yard.

Consequently he started right out at a rapid pace, maintaining it until he reached the particular dock at Harbecks Stores, alongside of which laid the "Mary Frances."

As he hurried out on the dock he observed that the Captain had already commenced to load a cargo, so it was evident that he had been successful in obtaining a charter all ready.

Elisha stepped from the string piece of the dock across to the rail of the "Mary Frances" and then down onto the quarter deck, greeting Capt. Elsworth at the same time. As he stepped up to him and shook hands he explained that he had come to make his adieux, inasmuch as he had just received orders to report to Admiral Porter of the South Atlantic Squadron as promptly as possible, now that his leave of absence had expired, adding, "I am sorry not to be returning to the old "Kennebec," and it is only now that even the thought occurred to me of the possibility that I would not do so. I never bothered my head with any thought as to where I would be ordered after I had recuperated, taking it as a matter of course, that as soon as I was able I would go back to the same boat to which I had been attached for nearly three years."

"My main thought at the time of starting off was to get out of the heat and away from the

'Yellow Jack' and the matter of returning to duty was for further consideration."

Captain Elsworth replied to him, "I am awfully sorry, my boy, that you have to leave us again, this, like other previous unexpected meetings with you, has been a great pleasure and equally enjoyable, but, of course, when duty calls it is an officer's place to respond, even as I have to put to sea when the ship's cargo is all in the hold and I have my clearance papers and orders.

"After all, it is for us to obey orders whether we are captain of a merchant marine, or a naval, vessel. It is a hard and fast rule of the sea."

Remsen then asked the captain where he could find Mary, as he wanted to say "Goodbye" immediately on account of there being a union transport leaving that afternoon and he thought he ought to go to the Navy Yard at once and endeavor to make arrangements to obtain transportation on her, if it were possible, as he did not know how long he would have to wait for other means to report on board the flag ship of the South Atlantic Squadron if he missed this opportunity.

The Captain advised him then by all means to make haste, and added, "You will find Mary below in the saloon, I am quite sure."

Whereupon Remsen disappeared through the hatchway and arriving below discovered Mary reclining at her ease, reading, on a transom.

Mary looked up as Remsen came down the companionway, smiled slightly and remarked, "Here again!"

Remsen hesitated a moment and said, "Yes, but I won't trouble you very long nor again very soon."

Whereupon Mary rose hastily to a sitting position and the expression on her face changed to one of

seriousness as she replied, "Oh! now, I didnt mean any offense, I was only joking."

"I was not taking offense," replied Remsen, "what I said was only too true, I must hasten as I have to catch a transport from the Navy Yard this afternoon as I have been ordered by the Department to report to Admiral Porter on board the flagship of the South Atlantic Squadron. You know my leave of absence is up in six days and if I don't catch this transport I am afraid I will be compelled to overstay my leave, so I have just come aboard, immediately after receiving my orders from Washington, all in a rush to bid you and your father 'Goodbye' once again, until at least, some such time as good fortune may bring us together once more."

While he was speaking Mary rose to her feet and was evidently much disturbed by the news she had heard and now exclaimed, "And so you have to go so soon."

"Yes," he replied, "and, as your father was just saying, there is no alternative for an officer, either in the merchant marine or the navy, but to obey orders and do so promptly. I am more sorry though than I can say that such is the case. I hope some day soon this war will be over and I will be my own master once more, for it is my intention to resign from the Service as soon as peace is declared and then no longer will I have to go where I do not want to and leave where I desire to stay, feeling more like a pawn on a chess board than a man."

To which Mary listened and again said, "Must you *really* go so soon?"

"Yes," he replied, "and now," offering his hand, "goodbye, but let us hope that it will not be for very long." And so shaking her hand most cordially he turned toward the hatchway, but as he stepped

away from her he heard her say, almost inaudibly, while taking a few steps after him, "I don't want you to go."

He stopped. And looked back, and saw the expression of her face and then without the slightest further consideration put both arms around her and hugged her—tightly, and kissed her—on the mouth, passionately—again—and again—and again, until, struggling for breath, she managed finally to free herself.

Then Remsen turned, and with his toes barely touching every other step, he felt as though he floated up through the companionway.

The Captain approached Remsen as he passed across the deck again to say "goodbye," and Remsen, warmly shaking hands with the Captain, said "Goodbye" and best wishes for a successful voyage, adding, "I must hurry along, my time is short."

Then as Remsen walked the plank from the rail of the "Mary Frances" to the string piece of the dock, the Captain's voice overtook him in reply, "My boy! my boy! good luck to you until we meet again."

As Remsen hurried up the dock he looked back over his shoulder for a last look at the "Mary Frances," waving his acknowledgment to the Captain as he did so, wondering to himself whether in reality it would prove a last look.

At the same moment Mary appeared in the companionway from below, just in time to see him look back and wave his hand, and returned it.

As Remsen reached the street he had come to the conclusion that in spite of all his impetuous actions he had not affronted Mary and was still in her good graces.

Walking hurriedly along the street his spirits rose

still more and he was indeed happy as he was quite sure he had a right to be, as was evident from the fact that he was whistling nearly all the popular airs of the day as he proceeded.

Occasionally, to vary the monotony, he would hum a catchy air or two and now and then a few low words that he could remember of the different songs he would sing to himself, at times when no one was within hearing.

Finally, he reached the Mansion House and hurried up the stairs, as he sung to himself—

“Such a charming girl,
With teeth of pearl,
Her pretty face has won me.”

Then he hummed a little more to fill in, apparently, the space of some words that didn't readily come to his mind at the moment. Then something about some “Curls” and “Her smile has quite undone me,” as he entered the hotel and rushed upstairs to his room.

CHAPTER XI

THE 11-INCH GUN

Mary stood in the companionway for quite some time after Remsen had gone, the sensation of his departure still lingering, and it was somewhat of a revelation to the girl.

She did not somehow just feel normal. She could not quite analyze the state of her mind.

Some way she did not seem to be the same girl, she felt as though she had been emancipated, as if she had unfolded, grown out of herself, as it were, and emerged into another being.

She was quite sure that for some reason she felt extremely happy, but most awfully perplexed.

At the same time the loading of the "Mary Frances" was proceeding while the Captain stood on the rail overlooking the work, anxious to lose as little time as possible in taking the cargo aboard.

The Captain had been extraordinarily successful in obtaining a charter for Shanghai before he had completed the unloading of the incoming cargo.

Mary turned and went below again and going to her state room started to do some mending, and in examining her things, looking for those that needed attention, her eyes naturally fell upon different articles of apparel that she had worn the night she had gone with Remsen to the theatre, and she fell to thinking as she sewed, not only of that night, but also as she had done many times before, of him in the way and manner that he had

asked her in the Gulf of Mexico, and as she had promised him that she would do.

That afternoon, a little later, the Captain called down the hatchway to Mary that the transport was passing down the river, not far off the pier heads, evidently going out through Buttermilk Channel.

Mary stopped her work and rushed on deck in hopes that the transport might be close enough to be able to distinguish Remsen.

As Mary arrived on the quarterdeck the transport was just crossing her stern and, sure enough, there was Remsen plain as could be, waving his cap as he stood by the rail on the boat deck.

Mary was delighted and some way or other exceptionally elated, perhaps more so than circumstances warranted, and as Captain Elsworth waved his hat to Remsen, Mary gently jumped up and down and waved both hands.

Remsen continued to respond to their cordial demonstration until the transport had passed far enough down the stream for it to be nearly impossible to distinguish one person from another, when Mary, as a last tribute, kissed her hand toward the departing steamer.

"Why, Mary!" exclaimed the Captain astounded, "how unmaidenly! I am surprised beyond measure, I have never known you to be so demonstrative before, particularly in such a public way. It would be as well perhaps for you to go below again."

And Mary abashed, for it was seldom that she was ever so rebuked by her father, had a decided feeling at the same time that she was glad she did it, but obeyed and went below with a countenance downcast.

A few days after this the "Mary Frances" was towed out into the stream and down the harbor,

the cargo having been completely loaded and the Captain having obtained his clearance papers, until having passed the narrows, all working sails were set and the tug dismissed, as with a fair northwest breeze the "Mary Frances" proceeded down the harbor and out past Sandy Hook to sea on her long voyage to China, by way of Good Hope, a voyage which was dreadfully tedious and monotonous, devoid of happenings more exciting than Mary's practical solitude without any girl or woman in that long stretch and expanse of nothing but sea for days and days, without conversation other than that she had occasionally with her father when he could take a few moments away from the management of the ship to pay a little attention to his daughter.

In the meantime the transport had proceeded to a point not far south of Hatteras where the South Atlantic Squadron of the Union Navy lay, to which point it had retired after the failure of the first attack on Fort Fisher, and having arrived there the supplies were being transferred to the vessels of the fleet and Remsen was put aboard the Flagship "Colorado" to report in accordance with his orders.

Having done which he was assigned to duty on the flagship as First Assistant Engineer, with the rank of First Lieutenant in the Navy, as his new commission was awaiting him on board, giving him this rank, having arrived ahead of him.

Remsen was delighted and congratulated himself upon his apparent usual good luck, not only on account of his promotion and new commission, but also because he was to be attached to the flagship.

The next day Remsen learned that General Butler had gone to Washington to report to the general board of the War Department the reasons for the failure of the attack on Fort Fisher and to

demonstrate to them that it was impossible and impracticable to take Fort Fisher.

A little later it was rumored, so Remsen heard, that there had been some interchange between Admiral Porter and General Terry, who was now in command of the land forces in the absence of his superior in Washington, further that General Terry had had a conference with his officers and the officers of the staff of General Butler, and likewise that Admiral Porter the night before had called the Captains of all divisions of his fleet aboard the flagship for a conference, and finally it had been decided, so it was said, that an arrangement had resulted from these various consultations of war, whereby a second concerted attempt to carry Fort Fisher by storm was to be made and that signals had been arranged between General Terry and the fleet as to their joint operations.

It was no surprise to any of them, therefore, when a few days later orders were issued for the fleet to assemble in a crescent shape, at various distances up to five miles, off Fort Fisher, which fort, itself, including the earth works was over a mile in length.

There they laid at anchor for several days and Remsen could see indistinctly when the atmosphere was fairly clear the low lying fort in the distance at the mouth of the Cape Fear River with confederate colors gently blowing in the breeze above it.

The wind so far had been generally from the southwest since they had been lying in this position, but one morning at sunrise, after a dead calm during the night the wind shifted and blew fairly strong from the northwest directly off shore.

Immediately orders were issued to moor all boats broadside to the fort with anchors run out astern,

as well as fore'ard, which, naturally, gave rise to the suspicion that there would be more fighting before long.

So the "Colorado," like the rest of the fleet, rolled sluggishly in the trough of the sea all day, which motion was not the most pleasant to any who were susceptible to rough weather.

Late in the evening firing of artillery by the land forces could be heard, in the rear of the fort, the sound of which was carried off on the breeze to the fleet.

Immediately signals were run up on the flagship, ordering the fleet to commence a general bombardment of the fort.

The battle was on, the roar of guns was deafening; there were over one hundred vessels of all sizes and descriptions, comprising various divisions of the fleet lying off Fort Fisher.

Naturally, the fort replied almost instantly and a general conflict, both ashore and afloat, became lively and exciting, more so to some than others.

The roll of the ship, the smell of the powder, the smoke of which hung over the water like a lowering cloud, was a nauseating combination.

At times it was impossible to see the shore or the fort for the smoke that hung like a veil, but, nevertheless, they kept it up! hammering away!

Out of the smoke came shot and shell from the fort, in exchange for that which was delivered by the fleet, accompanied by the tearing and ripping of timbers and spars, and as the battle progressed the moans and cries of men maimed and wounded, and even those expiring were heard, to add to the misery and agony and the other sounds of war.

However, the battle having started so late in the afternoon it was not long before night shut in, thus

putting more or less restriction on the firing and fighting, nevertheless desultory firing continued throughout the night, but not so much, and an opportunity was afforded for the smoke to clear away to a great extent and gave a chance to clear up the decks somewhat of the splinters, broken timbers and the debris generally, as well as to attend and remove to a better place those who were in agony.

Which having been accomplished a gang was set to work washing down decks which were strewn with dirt and splinters and red and slippery with the blood of the wounded.

Remsen's watch was relieved that evening at eight bells and he was glad, for it had been close and warm below in the engine room and the fresh air felt good and was refreshing to him when he arrived on deck.

He had become inured to battle. He was now in his fourth year of the war and he felt almost as much at ease with various noises of conflict and battle going on about him as he did in the hotel in Brooklyn.

Many the time had he eaten his breakfast and drank his coffee with shot and shell singing and bursting above and beyond him, and, likewise, had slept soundly in his berth while the recoil of the guns above him shook the oakum out of the seams down onto his face.

Now he paced the deck without a thought of danger, to enjoy the open air and the sea breeze, as naturally as he would have walked down the Strand in London.

As he arrived at the end of his walk and had turned about on the quarter deck to walk forward again he saw water spouts here and there, fifteen to twenty-five feet high, shoot up into the air where

shot fell into the sea. First one would splash aft—then it would seem one went fore'ard, and others would fall short or over—and then, perhaps, one would sing across the deck, ten or fifteen feet overhead.

He had made perhaps five or six turns nearly the length of the ship when he stopped about midships and addressed a remark to a man with a mop, saying, "The Rebs seem to have a special pick on us! Apparently using us for a target."

"Yes," the man replied, "now and then they make a bullseye too. They have given the "Colorado" about as many scars so far as any ship in the fleet, and, then again, I tell you what it is, sir,"—

But just at this point the man's voice was interrupted by a splintering, rending, crashing sound which drowned the rest of the sentence, and just at that moment Remsen felt something warm splash against the side of his face and neck and when the dust from the debris floated away on the air he saw the body of the man who had been talking to him crumpled up in a heap on the deck, but his head was gone, apparently carried away, right off his shoulders, by the ball that had come in through the side of the ship and which had crossed through between decks and tore its way out through the staving on the off shore side.

First Remsen wiped his face and neck with his handkerchief and looked at it—he saw that it was red—at the same moment staggering toward him from the off shore side of the ship, where the ball had taken its departure, another man was tottering, a member of one of the gun crews, who, like himself, was off duty, and as he staggered he raised his hand to his forehead, brushed his hair back with it, and, as he threw his head back, he looked up and

sank slowly to his knees, toppled over and collapsed full length on his back.

As Remsen hurried to him he could see quite a stream of blood trickle from a gash, a nasty one, a little above the temple which was now turned toward him since the man rolled over as he fell. A piece of flying debris must have hit him in the head.

By the time Remsen reached him there were others there also with a stretcher, and when the man was discovered to be still alive and the wound more or less superficial he was placed upon the stretcher and carried to the sick bay where he could receive the best treatment possible from the ship's surgeon.

As they carried him away Remsen turned about and cast a glance around for the man who had been killed, but he was not there. His body had been removed and taken care of already.

Remsen decided that the Rebs were inflicting more punishment on the "Colorado" than was her share, especially considering the intermittent state of the battle during the night, and after remaining a little longer and witnessing a few more telling shots from the fort he went below and turned in, as it was his trick at the dog watch in the morning.

At sunrise the battle was resumed in earnest and the fort redoubled its efforts to sink the "Colorado," undoubtedly picking her out for special attention, owing to the fact that she was the flagship.

In fact it became so warm for her that it was necessary to vacate her present berth and orders were, therefore, issued to get up anchors and move further off shore. This being done they took up a position on the outer circle of vessels, about five miles further from the fort, this being the greatest range of the "Colorado's" largest gun, in fact it was a question whether it would be effective at that

distance, owing to the fact that it would be necessary to use such an excessive elevation in sighting guns to reach the enemy.

However, now moored bow and stern and laying broadside to the beach, rolling in the trough of the sea, they resumed their operations in the hope of being more immune themselves from the attack of the confederates.

It was soon discovered, however, that it was very rarely that their shots proved effective, as only about one out of a dozen did not fall short.

On the other hand, it was not only a surprise, but very annoying to discover that now and then the Rebs were able to hit the "Colorado," and viciously at that.

With the aid of glasses the lookouts reported that they had discovered a large smooth bore, probably about 15-inch, mounted on the fort, over the top of the casemates and it seemed, from their observations, that every time the "Colorado" was hit it occurred within a few minutes after that particular gun was fired, judging from the puff of smoke that they could see emitted from its muzzle.

All day long that gun continued to annoy and punish the "Colorado," and all day long all the guns in broadside on board of her tried to return the punishment, and particularly to silence or dismount the gun that was so obnoxious to them. But when night set in little had been accomplished by the "Colorado" in evening up accounts.

As far as was known on board the ship they had succeeded in inflicting no damage of any kind on the enemy, while the "Colorado" had the appearance of being, at least, half whipped already.

Again the battle continued through the night spasmodically, each side taking a pop at the other

whenever, by chance, they happened to have the opportunity, or were able to locate a mark at which to shoot.

At last, after a long, dark, dreary night, day broke again and, as before, the roar and noise of battle was resumed most vigorously.

Remsen having been relieved at eight bells in the morning by the next watch had had breakfast and was roaming around on deck trying his best to keep out of the way, but perfectly willing to be of assistance if he could.

He had heard the day before considerable complaint in regard to the 15-inch gun on the fort, but that was nothing compared with the antagonism and enmity that gun had engendered for itself by this time.

The petty officers and the crew had all kinds of pet names for that gun, the majority of which would never bear repeating.

That gun had killed and wounded many of their comrades and might pay the same compliment at any moment to them, and try as hard as they might it seemed impossible to stop further depredation and destruction.

The wind had freshened considerably the day before, maintaining the same general direction, however, to such an extent that the smoke from the guns was carried away rapidly and a clearer vision was maintained, much better than it was the first day of the battle.

Today the wind had increased still more in velocity, until there was a decidedly rough sea running off shore.

As Remsen stood there and looked about him it was a repellant, sickening scene, even to him. It was the fiercest, most hard fought and bloodiest

battle he had been in yet and was now running a point beyond anything in his previous experience.

The dead and wounded had now increased in numbers to such proportions that the hospital corps and medical attendants could not keep abreast of their work and bodies of dead and wounded laid all about the decks. Some partially covered by timbers and debris and in other cases the dead laid across those who were wounded, but were alive.

The decks in addition to being strewn with splinters, stanchions and all sorts of wreckage were so slippery from the blood and gore sprinkled about and spattered over all that it was almost impossible to stand up with the ship rolling in such a heavy seaway.

However, Remsen managed to brace himself with his feet spread apart and his back against a stanchion, and, as he stood there looking shoreward, he saw after a moment a puff of smoke directly in the line of his vision, which, apparently, came from a gun mounted high on the fort.

He stood looking, and as he looked he wondered. Perhaps that was that 15-inch smooth bore that had so many pet names. Continuing to look he saw the smoke gradually drift a little to one side as it blew on the wind toward them, and out of the smoke emerged a little speck about the size of the head of a pin.

At first Remsen rubbed his eyes, thinking that the speck was not real, but when he looked again it was still there, only larger and apparently higher up in the air. He was puzzled, then fascinated, as he saw the thing positively, and not only saw, but could observe that it grew still larger and seemed to rise higher in the air, something like a balloon that might be going up and at the same time ex-

panding from the pressure of the gas within it. It rose—and rose—and grew larger—and larger, until Remsen had his head bent back quite a little in his effort to follow it in its upward journey.

Still it continued to ascend and to grow bigger—higher and higher—and bigger—and bigger—still it became. But no! Lo!—it stopped! It ceased to rise. It simply floated—suspended in mid air. But it still grew larger—larger—always larger—and now, behold! It sank!—It commenced to drop! But it still grew constantly in size.

Then it had fallen almost to the level of the deck.

Bang!—Crash!—and the ball from that 15-inch gun tore through the rigging, leaving it all foul, crossed the upper deck carrying one of the small boats out of the davits as it passed on out to sea.

Remsen thought to himself that the smooth bore on the fort was fairly maintaining her reputation.

The ship continued to roll and the decks being still slippery, and getting worse, Remsen had to get a new footing and now took solid hold with his hand of the Stanchion.

The vibration of the continued broadsides were shaking the vessel from stem to stern and the jar of the decks made it almost impossible to stand still in one place, the tendency to slide around being unavoidable.

Shot was falling like hail, not only in the water all about but some smaller than the 15-inch would occasionally reach the flag ship with force enough to do more or less damage.

"There! she fires again," cried the lookout from aloft, and Remsen casting his eyes up in the direction of the fort saw that small black speck emerging again from the cloud of smoke hanging around the muzzle of that gun of many names.

The speck performed as before, growing larger and rising gradually and continually until it reached the zenith of the arc that it scribed, in accordance with the elevation of the gun, and then commenced its descent again, but still growing larger, and larger—until every one realizing from the fact that it had grown to a size somewhat larger than a man's head that it was upon them and was another good shot well placed, which realization being borne in upon them gave many a man a strong inclination to duck and run, and, no doubt, some would have if there had been any way for them to do it.

This time the ball crashed in the side between decks, throwing tremendous pieces of joist and pieces of carline and deck timbers and planking in all directions, just one heterogeneous mass, like an explosion would produce, entering the ship about shoulder high above the gun deck, tore through the crew of the 11-inch gun, killed or wounded every one of the nine men, including the gun's captain; then crossed the deck carrying away the next stanchion to the one where Remsen stood and then tore out on the opposite side of the vessel and passed on out to sea, as Remsen turned and looked after it with mingled thoughts of grief, sorrow and dismay, vengeance, and whatnot in his brain.

Far out, perhaps a couple of miles beyond the "Colorado," that dreaded ball skipped on the top of a wave driving a spurt of water and spray many feet into the air; so large a spout of water and so many feet high into the air that it was plainly visible with the naked eye at that distance—and then it ricocheted three or four times, each time throwing up splashes of water, until finally the velocity of the ball being spent it sank forever into the depths

of the ocean, as if having fulfilled its mission faithfully and as completely as it were possible for it to do, it felt well satisfied and was willing to cease further effort and labor and rest content on its achievements.

CHAPTER XII

A GOOD SHOT

As Remsen's eyes came back to the objects in his immediate vicinity the havoc and destruction manifest in the wake left by the cannon ball as it passed through between decks was appalling in the extreme.

The entire crew of the 11-inch gun being wiped out, by the ball itself and flying timbers, and consequently lay strewn about, one having fallen across the gun carriage, this particular gun was now entirely unmanned and out of commission.

As it was the largest gun aboard the ship in broadside that could be brought into action against the enemy, there being only two 11-inch guns, the other one being on the off shore side of the vessel, any hopes of inflicting further damage on the fort was gone, so far as the "Colorado" was concerned, unless another crew could be provided to man this gun.

Therefore, a call was issued for volunteers and Remsen standing so close at hand was prompt to offer his services, as usual, and as he had been standing around more or less in the way, waiting for an opportunity to be of service, while at the same time getting some fresh air.

There were many others almost, but not quite, as quick as Remsen to respond to the call.

In consequence of Remsen's alacrity in volunteering and being a commissioned officer he was made Captain of the crew and put in charge of the gun.

The first work for the new crew, of course, was

to clear away the splinters and rubbish and assist in removing the dead and wounded in order to arrange a clear working space around and about the gun.

Then the gun was run in and after the bore had been swabbed, a couple of men lifted up the bag containing the powder charge, entered it in the muzzle and then others rammed it home. Next the wads were driven in hard upon the powder and finally the ball was rolled into the muzzle, which was slightly elevated, and the ball of its own gravity rolled back against the wads. Then after more wads were driven home on the top of the ball to hold it temporarily in position, the gun was run out and sighted.

Of course, under the conditions and circumstances available at that time it was only possible to sight a gun in a general way and direction.

Next the muzzle was elevated to the limit in order to throw the ball in as high an arc as was possible to make the most strenuous effort to reach the mark and not fall short.

It occurred to Remsen to take advantage of the roll of the ship in addition to the elevation of the muzzle, as long as the ship lay moored broadside on the fort rolling in the trough of the sea which was still running pretty high.

So the primer having been set, he stood with the lanyard in his hand and took a few paces from the breech of the gun, then he waited until an extra high coamer rolled the ship to a greater degree off shore than the average, such coamers being common every now and then when a stiff breeze is blowing, and then when the deck of the ship had reached the most extreme angle toward the perpendicular and the muzzle of the gun, including its own elevation,

was at the highest point Remsen took one step to the rear and pulled the lanyard.

The vibration of the deck felt like the agitation of an earthquake under their feet and the roar of the report rent the air like the rumblings accompanying one, or a sharp peal of thunder.

However, the crew were not inclined to lose time and before the ship had rolled off shore again they were tugging away hauling the gun inboard to be reloaded.

As they were swabbing the gun out again, cleaning it for a new charge, the lookout aloft sung out, "Well done! eleven inch!"

Of course, Remsen, the crew, and most every one were glad to hear that the 11-inch had done well, but they were at a loss to know what they had accomplished, as without glasses and the advantageous position of the lookout, it was impossible for them to observe the results of the shot, therefore lacking further information from aloft it was necessary for them to bide their time and proceed with the work in hand.

So they kept loading and firing again and again—time after time—always taking advantage of the roll of the ship off shore to gain additional elevation and range.

Finally, however, somebody, nobody quite knew who, must have observed that the 15-inch demon on the fort had ceased for some time to torment them, until it became generally noticed and was being remarked by all hands.

While they all continued to wonder why they were favored by the Rebs to such an extent and, at the same time, feeling highly elated in consequence of the relief from the punishment that they had been receiving, they continued to hammer the

fort to the best of their ability, which, by the way, was better than ever. The irritation engendered by the damage and pain with which they had been afflicted having ceased, and the apparent silencing of their arch enemy being decided indications of progress being made in the direction of ultimate victory, lent zest to their efforts with the consequence that they all worked with a will and determination that resulted in more metal being delivered in, at, and around the fort than at any time since the battle began.

The day was progressing and it was well into the afternoon. The battle seemed to be raging terrifically between the northern land forces and the rear of the fort, fearful clouds of smoke hung over it and gradually floated away over the sea.

During the momentary lull in the roar of battle aboard the ships terrific cannonading from the land could be heard even at that distance, borne to them on the wind, which, of course, was blowing directly their way.

The fleet had kept up an incessant bombardment for perhaps two hours more when the fort ceased firing and apparently was silenced.

Every one held their breath for a moment, hardly knowing what to think, as, surely, with what appeared to be the odds against them it could not be true that the enemy had been vanquished.

Then after a few moments hesitation and a few moments more of a decided lull in all cannonading ashore on both sides there, apparently, was some sort of a short, sharp conflict with small arms at close quarters, while orders were run up on the flagship of the fleet to cease firing and on board the "Colorado," while possibly it was not known on the other vessels until later, word was passed that Gen-

eral Terry had signalled the fleet, "Hold fire," as they were going to attempt to rush the fort and take it by assault, thus accomplishing in the absence of General Butler what he was at that moment attempting to prove to the experts of the War Department in Washington was impossible.

While all hands were standing, practically idle, with bated breath, aboard all the vessels of the fleet, expectant, waiting to see what would be next; it seemed that almost everybody, at the same time, saw the confederate colors slowly hauled down from masthead over the fort.

And the entire fleet broke into such rousing cheers that it was impossible to tell whether the northern force on land were also cheering or not.

After that for the balance of the afternoon, there was nothing left to do but to set about cleaning up and putting the fleet in as near "shipshape and bristol fashion" as was possible with so many of the boats torn and crippled.

As soon as this was well advanced and nearly completed orders were issued to dress ship in celebration of the victory, and every ship lying there off the mouth of the Cape Fear River broke out in bunting from stem to stern.

Then the band on the "Colorado" assembled and played the national anthem, which example was followed by all the other vessels large enough to carry a band, or any sort of a musical organization, until finally it was sundown and, of course, then the bands played the national anthem again while the colors were slowly lowered and all the officers and crews stood at attention.

The sun had been down perhaps a quarter of an hour, leaving behind it the glow and glory of a beautiful sunset, when on the breeze, the wind hav-

ing gradually lowered with the sun, was borne the strains of music, played, no one could tell which, by either the confederate band of the fort or one of the bands of the union forces, which had made famous that world renown author, John Howard Paine.

It seemed that a complete hush settled on the entire fleet, fort and army, both of the North and the South.

In that music there was none of the vindictiveness of the northern airs, nor the viciousness of the rebel songs that had been familiar and prevalent now for several years.

For a while silence reigned, every one seemed to rest content to listen and to imbibe that sentiment so ably expressed in that composition and which seemed to reach the heart at this particular moment and under the existing circumstances in a most peculiar and forcible manner.

There were some evidently in the fleet that evening who had good voices, for in the near distance, some of them could be heard singing the words to the accompaniment of the band ashore.

Then one of the bands in the fleet took up the strain which was followed by another, and then another, until there was one continuous outburst, both instrumental and vocal, both ashore and afloat, from Reb and Yank alike, of "Home, Sweet Home."

Remsen listened to it all while he sat on a coil of line, and reclining on one elbow, he seemed to be incapable of comprehending the popularity of the sentiment expressed, or the unanimity of favor bestowed by both sides upon the thoughts of home.

He sat there rather downcast and melancholy than otherwise, feeling peculiarly alone and by himself, separate from the rest, by the very force of

the difference in the feelings manifested by the others and his own ideas on the same subject.

It never once entered his thoughts to join with the rest in the singing.

Why should he enthuse over thoughts of home? He had none over which to be enthusiastic, and, as far as that went, he never had had one and the prospects of having one were as remote as ever.

Under these circumstances he was not at all familiar with that feeling that others seemed to express when at a distance at the mention of home, and likewise (and it is "An ill wind that blows no one any good"), he never experienced when away that feeling others described as "Homesickness."

Remsen was puzzled—he was decidedly put about to understand why there should exist such an apparent wide gap, such a difference, between him and all the rest of the world in this respect. Was it possible, he thought, that he had been singled out to be a tramp, or a traveler, with a roving commission, without hailing port, or any one place on this whole earth that he could claim for his own native heath?

It was the only thing that invariably excluded him from companionship, the one division between him and the rest and the one thing that always dampened his spirits and turned his thoughts to the "Mary Frances" and the two friends that he always counted as his own and considered more to him than what little family he had, just as if they were really the only possible tie that could link him in some future time with that home sentiment that everybody seemed to possess as a natural inheritance, save himself.

"Oh! well!" he exclaimed, as he rose—and stretched—tired and somewhat weary after his strenuous experience of the last few days, particu-

larly the last one. His nerves undoubtedly were down for many reasons and they being tired made him feel more so.

The death and destruction, the noise, odors and excitement had all worn upon him and, at the same time, buoyed him up.

It was now all over and every one, apparently, had become sentimental with the result that Remsen felt decidedly fagged.

Captain Outerbridge, commanding the "Colorado," came hurrying along just as Remsen having yawned and stretched decided to turn in.

The captain glanced in Remsen's direction and seeing him turned and strode rapidly to him, with his hand extended, exclaiming, "I want to congratulate you, Mr. Remsen, upon your excellent marksmanship. That was an extraordinary piece of work you did today. I do not hesitate to say that, undoubtedly, was one of the most important, if not the most important, single incident that assisted in the capitulation of Fort Fisher.

"Oh—Yes, thank you, Captain, quite so, but I am afraid I do not quite comprehend; what marksmanship is this to which you refer?"

"Why, bless me!" replied the Captain, "is it possible that you are not aware of the fact that the very first shot that you fired from the 11-inch gun when you took command of it this morning was so well aimed that you knocked the muzzle off of the 15-inch smooth bore on the fort and silenced it for all future time?"

Remsen was too dumbfounded to utter a word and the expression of his face must have been either very expressive or comical, for the Captain, laying his hand on Remsen's shoulder, laughed heartily and remarked, "My boy, you look more as though

you had seen a ghost than if you had just heard such a good piece of news and been complimented highly upon your good fortune."

The Captain continued, "You may be assured in any event that you did excellent work and that the Department will hear of it. I don't know as I can say any more, especially as I am urgently needed on the bridge where I was hurrying when I first spied you, good night."

"Good night, Captain, and thank you," replied Remsen.

He now, wearied as he was, was also bewildered, in which condition, or at least combination of various feelings, he went below to his stateroom and proceeded to turn in for the night.

CHAPTER XIII

PRIZE MONEY

While Remsen was acting as Captain of the gun crew he was, of course, relieved from duty in the engine room, but now that the battle was over and won he was called by the watch before daylight as it was again his trick in the engine room during the dog watch.

He was, therefore, relieved at six o'clock and returned to the ward room where were many more of the officers just turning out and entering into conversation with a few of them in a casual way touched upon many subjects with first one and then another, until his attention was brought to the probability that the next move would shortly be to get up anchor and go up the river to Wilmington.

This, of course, started a general discussion among all of them as to the prospects of once more getting ashore in a town in the hands of the Union forces, which continued all through the morning meal, being carried along by many suggestions offered, all of which were viewed from various angles, according to the different ideas and opinions.

In the early part of the forenoon orders were issued to get under way and signals to the fleet were run up on the flagship to that effect.

The fires were spread in the boilers and furnace doors shut and steam gradually raised. Then on deck the windlasses were manned and the anchor that had been run out aft was gotten aboard and then the ship was hauled up short on her anchor

chain for'ard preparatory to breaking the hook out of the mud.

Shortly the boilers being reported in proper steaming condition and everything in readiness in the engine room, as well as on deck, the anchor was "Broke out," gotten up, and after being washed off was "Catted."

Then the "Colorado" commenced to move gently through the water.

Several of the other vessels undoubtedly had succeeded in getting into readiness to move quicker than the flagship, especially the smaller vessels, but had waited as a matter of naval courtesy for the "Colorado" to lead and now were quick in taking their positions in accordance with precedence.

Thus each division in single column formation moved slowly toward the mouth of the river.

Then entering the harbor, the various divisions anchored all the way from there up to, and even past, Wilmington.

It was some past eight bells now by the time the "Colorado" was snug in her berth and as Remsen was on duty at that time he did not have an opportunity to see anything or hear much concerning the affairs which had taken place, or were being discussed, ashore and was only able to learn a very little through rumors that were carried below from the deck, until after his watch was up and he had been relieved at four o'clock.

As soon as he was at liberty he lost no time in making many inquiries as he had heard only just enough to make him curious for confirmation of his suspicion of the rumors that had come to him.

The first thing he learned on reaching the deck was that word had been received that Richmond had surrendered to Grant and that in all proba-

bility the war was over, or would be soon, now that the capital of the confederacy had fallen, and his first thought on hearing this was to wonder to himself whether or not that spontaneous outburst of "Home, Sweet Home" had been prophetic.

The Northern troops had invested the city and were in possession of the forts, of course, had taken the enemy as prisoners of war, and therefore, limited shore leave was obtainable occasionally and Remsen, with the rest, had opportunity for a little more exercise than was permitted by the limited confines of the decks of the ship.

The fleet laid at anchor in the river for some time, but almost every day some of the vessels would break out their anchor and depart under orders.

All of them practically needed repairs and many of them general overhauling and rebuilding.

Some had been ordered to Philadelphia to go into the Navy Yard there and others had been ordered to the New York Navy Yard, while some had gone to Portsmouth and Boston and the rest were expecting orders at any time to move, everybody realizing that the fleet was bound to be broken up, and now that confirmation of the news of the ending of the war had been received and that no more battles would be fought the disintegration of the fleet was inevitable.

Lying here at anchor under banked fires so peacefully there was very little to do compared with the immediate past and the watches maintained by the officers of the ships, both staff and line, were more or less prefunctory, which, of course, applied to Remsen's watch in the engine room, as well as the rest.

He, therefore, had considerable time with nothing

to do, but sit and think, undoubtedly he would have read some if he could have done so, but reading matter was not very abundant and thinking was fairly amusing for he had many interesting things in the past for his mind to dwell upon, his experiences during the last few years being highly exciting as well as varied.

Running from one to another he finally brought his thoughts up to the present and then, naturally, wondered how the "Mary Frances" and his friends had fared since he left them. He would like to have been able to have included in his reminiscences their doings up to the present time, instead of which he was brought to the realization that he did not even know where they were.

Then it occurred to him that most any one else would have some address where they could communicate with their friends, or they, themselves, would have some locality where their friends could reach them.

In Remsen's case, however, it seemed as though fate was ever forming his destiny by shaping his life along lines where neither he nor any one connected with him were able to claim a permanent residence anywhere.

Under such circumstances he knew only too well that the question as to whether he would ever know the whereabouts of the "Mary Frances," Captain Elsworth or his daughter was absolutely in the hands of fate.

Such a thought as suggesting to them before leaving them last to tell him where he could reach them never entered his head, for he knew only too well that they were as unable to furnish such information as he would have been in response to a similar request from them.

And now, even though the war was over and peace declared, how much better off was he?

Every one else was joyous and expectant over the prospects of an early return to their homes.

It seemed to him almost that the nearest approach he could come to doing such a thing would be to continue in the regular service, as any ship to which he might be attached from time to time would be the nearest resembling anything like home that he could see in prospect.

Of course, as he was in the regular service he could not be discharged like the volunteers, except dishonorably, as a result of a court marshal or by act of Congress.

Nevertheless, the thought was not altogether pleasing to him. He had, on the impulse of the moment, through a burst of patriotism engendered by an insult to the flag of his country, rushed into the service, but he had never had any desire to make it his life's profession, but only to give his services to his country so long as they were actually needed in time of stress.

"No," Remsen thought, rather than the navy I think I would prefer the merchant marine. I think that appeals to me more."

So Remsen was not altogether sure whether he was glad that the war was ended or not, he seemed to lack emotion in so many instances.

In fact he realized he lacked something that other people seemed to have, but he could not quite place it.

Finally, after nearly all the other naval vessels had gotten under way toward the North the "Colorado" and the few remaining vessels of her division, after making the necessary preparations, got up their anchors and were under way for the New York Navy Yard.

The speed of the ships was not great at the best and they made no attempt to maintain high speed, but cruised along slowly in order to save fuel, as time was now of no particular importance.

The run up the coast, therefore, was rather tedious and unimportant, but in the course of due time and after an uneventful voyage they reached the harbor of New York and the Navy Yard where one after another of the vessels were then made fast, as if they were of no further use, having served their purpose by doing their part toward saving the Union, they were now put aside to be neglected, if not forgotten, in many instances, though, of course, the names of some few vessels will live in history and the minds of the public for years, some possibly for centuries, but those are not always the most deserving, some of the latter being among the forgotten, while some of those that will always be recalled with pride and honor have nothing but free advertising or opportunity to thank for it.

Remsen had continued to do a good deal of thinking on his way up the coast and had come to a definite decision. He had made up his mind to send his resignation in to the Department and, therefore, one of his first acts after setting foot on shore in the Navy Yard was to do so, after which he had nothing to do of consequence outside of his routine duties while he awaited the result.

After what seemed an interminable time to him, undoubtedly the Government in all of its Departments was extremely busy at this time, he received a communication from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy; a short note couched in what was inclined to be complimentary language, but firmly declining to accept the resignation.

Upon receipt of this letter Remsen was disap-

pointed, but doubly determined, and immediately sat down and acknowledging receipt of the Secretary's declination, wrote him at length urging that he reconsider and giving every reason he could think of why he should be allowed to leave the service.

Remsen was now quite anxious to carry out this determination of his to resign from the Navy and resume life as a private citizen.

He had some idea of about how much prize money was due him for his participation in the capture of the "Gray Jacket" with her valuable cargo and other blockade runners and was counting upon using this money to establish himself in some permanent mercantile enterprise, or, if not that, then to buy for himself a vessel of some kind and become a merchantman.

So, while he was awaiting the result of his second plea sent to the Navy Department, which covered a period of nearly a couple of weeks, he found himself unconsciously but gradually falling into the same old habits that he had maintained when last in Brooklyn.

Every day when not on duty he would take a little exercise by going for a walk, and, as usual, before he returned the lure of the sea would send him around while going, or bring him around while returning, by the water front.

Time and again he would pass along Columbia Heights and when reaching the point nearly above Harbeck Stores he would stop and look down, and, while he did not exactly expect to see the "Mary Frances" lying there, he seemed to feel a disappointment. The docks did not look natural, there was something lacking.

One day Remsen took a longer walk than was his practice and did not get back to the Navy Yard

until late in the afternoon, to be quite precise it was dusk, but when he did arrive there he found awaiting him a long, official-looking envelope bearing the special Navy department issue of postage stamps and the Department's printed heading.

Remsen anxiously opened the envelope, wondering whether his resignation had been accepted or not, and hoping against hope that his desire would be met by the Department.

He was, therefore, somewhat surprised upon reading that a voucher to his order, drawn on the Sub-Treasury at New York City giving the number and date thereof was enclosed for an amount representing the share of the proceeds from the sale of the various blockade runners and their cargoes which had been apportioned to him, according to his rank and participation in the captures.

After Remsen had read this letter through a second time he looked into the envelope again and there, sure enough, was a long slip of paper which, when he withdrew it, he saw that it was, right enough, a check for an amount considerably in excess of what he expected he would receive in the way of prize money.

While he had been disappointed in not receiving an acceptance to his resignation this remittance for such a substantial amount unexpectedly compensated to a great degree and put him in a good frame of mind, for it gave him very agreeable and pretty visions of the future, but, at the same time, it made him more anxious than ever to get out of the service and he could hardly wait for definite advices informing him what disposition had been made of his last appeal to be released from further service.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Remsen went to the Mansion House and arranged

with the manager there to identify him at his bank, to which institution they proceeded together, and after Remsen had been introduced to the cashier and the usual formalities of registering his signature and opening the account had been accomplished, he deposited his draft for the prize money and returned to the Navy Yard, after expressing his thanks for the assistance the manager of the hotel had rendered to him.

During his absence the morning mail had arrived and been distributed, and curious to relate he found awaiting him another communication from the Department, officially stamped and having the appearance of importance.

This time when Remsen tore the end off of the envelope and withdrew the communication from within, he was not surprised, as in the previous case, to find exactly what he had desired most.

The communication was from the Secretary of the Department and set forth that on account of so many good officers in the Navy having been volunteers and owing to the end of hostilities, were leaving the service by virtue of the fact that their terms were expiring made it imperative for the Department to refuse resignation from the officers in the regular service, except in rare cases, who had demonstrated their ability and worth to the service. Notwithstanding, however, the Honorable Secretary had taken into consideration the circumstances in the case and the reasons and objections set forth in the resignation submitted and had accepted same, though with regret and compliments to Remsen upon the many notable incidents during the war when he had rendered most valuable assistance.

Remsen stood with the letter in his hand for some time after he had finished reading it and then glanced

through it a second time, after which he slowly folded it and replaced it in the envelope and then in his pocket, while a shade of melancholy sadness seemed to pervade him.

He was no longer an officer of the United States Navy; he must pack his belongings and go about his own business, and, what, by the way, was that?

To be sure he was far more fortunate than many an officer of both the army and navy who were going out of the service through being discharged as volunteers, for he had the advantage of that lump of prize money in the bank, but, on the other hand, he had the disadvantage, probably, that many of the others did not have of being, apparently, lost in the world instead of going back home like the majority.

CHAPTER XIV

THE STORM

Captain Elsworth had obtained a return charter from Shanghai to Havana, and although he tried it seemed impossible to load a cargo of a bulk suitable for the "Mary Frances" in Havana at that time, notwithstanding the fact that he wasted weeks in an effort to do so.

Therefore, finally being forced to acknowledge his failure he decided to proceed in ballast to Baltimore where he heard there were very good chances to obtain charters.

Hence they proceeded North and had to beat their way in the teeth of a pretty stiff northeast breeze.

One morning when about half way to Baltimore Mary was awakened by the roughness of the weather, or the scurrying about on deck overhead, or possibly by both. The ship was evidently "knocking down" considerably to leeward and Mary could hear the whistling of the wind through the rigging which became greatly intensified now and then at intervals, indicating the increasing velocity of the wind which was, apparently, very unsteady.

Mary had been at sea in storms a number of times and although she had been exceptionally fortunate in never having been in one that caused anxiety, she realized now from what experience she had gained in the past that present indications were that the wind had greatly increased with the sunrise and that a heavy storm was unquestionably making up.

She decided to get up and dress in order to take observations, which, as soon as she had gotten into a blue flannel rig, sort of a sailor blouse and skirt combined, she appeared in the companionway with her head just above the hatchway.

Immediately she came to the conclusion that her father shared her opinion and that she had prophesied correctly. She was convinced, as it was apparent, that every man aboard was expecting exceedingly rough weather, they were all on deck or aloft preparing for it.

Already sail had been considerably shortened, regardless of which fact the "Mary Frances" was carrying her leeward rail awash.

Mary went below again and assisted the cabin boy in his efforts to prepare some breakfast, as even the cook had been called on deck to lend a hand.

All the morning the wind steadily increased in velocity, huge white caps would break from the crest of waves, here and there, and the foam tumble over itself down the face of the mountainous water.

Before noon orders had to be issued to make things more snug and men were sent aloft to houze the topmast and send all yards and spars not in actual use down on deck.

The "Mary Frances" was now running under double reef lower sails only, and, yet, the wind was so much stronger that she was now not only carrying the leeward rail awash but the water was running well up on the deck amidships and every now and then as she would plunge head into it she would drive her bowsprit clear out of sight, under water, into the next onrushing wave, and then, as she would rise to it, dip up a ton or two of water on her forecastle deck, which then would rush aft

along the leeward waist and gradually out through the scuppers.

Under these circumstances practically everything had to be stowed amidships and made fast, for, of course, while the deck which was awash to leeward was on the port hand, while the "Mary Frances" was running on the starboard tack, the reverse would be the case whenever she was on the port tack, at which time the starboard would be running under water most of the time, consequently amidships was the only spot on deck that was comparatively free from the attacks of the seas that were shipped.

Every minute or two another vicious "Catspaw" would strike the "Mary Frances" with such velocity as it whistled through the rigging and made her "knock down" to such an extent that the helmsman was forced to drive her up momentarily clear into the eye of the wind to bring her out of it, easing her off again as the gust passed beyond.

All hands were on the qui vive, taking advantage of every opportunity, as it was a Herculean job to navigate a ship like the "Mary Frances" through a storm such as this while in ballast only.

Hopes were entertained by them all, and by Captain Elsworth and Mary in particular, that the velocity of the wind would drop at sundown, as so frequently was the case.

They had good reason to hope that such would transpire for they were now about due east from Cape Lookout and it was only a short distance north from where they were to Cape Hatteras, which has ever been conceded the most dangerous locality in a northeast storm anywhere on the Atlantic Seaboard of North America.

The "Mary Frances" was not making such rapid headway, notwithstanding the great force of the

wind, considering it was in a direct line toward their destination, owing to the fact that the direction of the wind made it necessary for her to tack close hauled and consequently she had to run many miles to gain a few, while, at the same time, the gale drove her constantly before it, causing her to make considerable leeway.

As the day progressed into the afternoon there seemed little prospect of the fulfillment of their hopes for the wind was more fierce, if anything, than before.

The "Catspaws" would now strike across the water and pick the caps right off the waves and carry them in sheets of spray for a great distance, occasionally a hundred yards, or even more, while, at the same time, forcing the "Mary Frances" as usual to come up into the wind.

Once, about eight bells in the afternoon, Mary made another attempt to go on deck, but got no further than the companionway, though she did emerge out of the hatchway somewhat more than before.

She was a little nervous and she could plainly see that her father was worried, as he stood looking to windward with one arm around the mizzen back stay.

Captain Elsworth was standing by the windward rail as Mary watched him and then as she continued to observe his countenance, although she could only see it occasionally in profile, she became more agitated, especially when she considered the general aspect of the weather, the dark, billowy, lowering clouds overhead and still darker to windward, the mountainous, rising, tumbling seas, driving directly at them, and the howling gale before which the clouds that looked too heavy to float in the air much

longer were being driven as were the mountainous seas at a terrific pace, all of which made the afternoon dark early, long before it was time for the sun to set, and foretold the prospects of the weary, desolate and anxious night to be spent, unless their hopes that the storm would abate somewhat with the setting of the sun materialized.

Now, as Mary stood partly emerging from the hatchway, watching the elements minutely, from minute to minute, to see if she could tell by comparison, or detect in any way the slightest improvement in the weather conditions, the "Mary Frances" continued to plunge, ship seas and ride the waves.

A "Catspaw" picked the crest from a giant coamer right aboard on the starboard bow and carried the spray, barrels of it, right across the deck of the "Mary Frances" at a velocity equal to the wind, scattering it at the same time, soaking everything in its path.

Captain Elsworth was in oil skins from head to foot, but Mary, unfortunately, was not, she was as dripping wet as if she had been overboard, so she went below for dry clothes.

After that she assisted again in preparing the mess for the crew in the forecastle as well as in the cabin, when, while she was waiting for her father to get an opportunity to come to dinner, she took advantage of this chance to look up the almanac and ascertain the time the sun set and then she looked at the ships chronometer.

The sun had already been down twelve minutes.

She then listened and as she did so the wind whistled, it seemed to her, louder than ever through the rigging and the "Mary Frances" knocked down so far that it frightened her and compelled her to grab hold of something to keep her footing.

For the first time in her life she wished fervently that she was on dry land.

Finally, Mary ventured up through the companionway once more and though unable to hail her father loud enough to make him hear, owing to the howling of the gale and the rush of the water, she got an opportunity finally to beckon to him when he looked in her direction.

He then made a sort of flying run to the companionway, as soon as he was able to take advantage of a slight lull, and grabbed hold of the hatchcombing to find out what she wanted.

Upon advising him that dinner had been ready for a long while and asking him if he would not be able to come pretty soon, the Captain replied, "My dear girl, I don't think there is any prospect of my getting any dinner this night. I feel it absolutely incumbent upon me to remain on watch during this critical period. I have never experienced but one other storm in my career equal to this, and you, I know, have never seen anything like it before."

"You must have something to eat and some coffee to keep you warm," answered Mary, "especially as we are now working into the teeth of a cold north-east storm and we must be very careful not to take cold after having been in the tropics so long; so you stay right there a minute and since you cannot come down to get it I will bring it up to you."

Mary ducked below and in a few minutes reappeared with about half a cup of steaming hot coffee and a sandwich. She did the best she could, but it was utterly impossible for her to carry the cup more than half full, and then was only able to accomplish as much as she did by carrying the cup by the handle and disdaining a saucer or spoon.

As she was ascending the companionway she had

to squat down, half way up, to avoid not only losing all that she was carrying, but also to prevent herself from being bodily thrown off the steps.

She realized positively, after she had given her father the coffee and sandwich and as she stood waiting for him to finish, that the hope of any drop in the wind that night was lost and gone.

The velocity of the wind had reached proportions which commanded the dignity and respect of a fully developed gale.

As the Captain handed the plate and cup back to Mary he remarked, "Now, my child, you go below and stay there. I regret to be forced to the conclusion and to have to admit that there is but one thing for us to do, we must batten everything down and lay to under staysails and a three reefed jigger, and then we can send down onto deck all spars except the masts."

Mary's face showed consternation, but she was a good little sailor and, owing to the life she had led and her environments, was accustomed to discipline.

So taking her father's face between her hands she put her face in under the peek of his storm cap and kissed him good night and obeyed.

CHAPTER XV

AT THE PUMPS

Mary threw herself down on one of the transom berths in the saloon just as she was, all dressed, as owing to the roughness of the weather she was still at ease and wanted to be ready for any emergency that might arise. It would be impossible for her to sleep probably in any event.

So she laid there holding fast good and hard to the bunk in order to keep from being rolled off of it onto the floor.

Occasionally the "Mary Frances" would run up in the wind and the leach of her sails would commence to flutter slightly, then losing headway she would fall off again, catching a full, thus under deadened speed she would heel down at a terrific angle, momentarily, until the force of the wind would take effect overcoming partially the inertia of the vessel, and then she would right herself slightly again as she forged ahead into the storm.

This performance the ship repeated again, and again, with only the variation of occasionally shooting up in the eye of the wind with sufficient headway to not only put her "in irons" but to send her about on the opposite tack, and then the performance would proceed as before, only with the effect of rolling Mary into the berth instead of out of it.

And ever at intervals an extra vigorous gust striking the "Mary Frances" fairly full at the moment when she had fallen off, just after running up into

the breeze, would turn her pretty well down to leeward amid the creaking of timbers and the straining of stays.

Between gusts Mary laid there in the cabin trying her best to compose herself thus and remain calm, but she had to admit that she was somewhat nervous in order to avoid the necessity of acknowledging that she was a little afraid.

The times were decidedly strenuous for her. "How different," she thought, "was this night from the tranquility and peace of other nights, particularly those spent in safe landlocked harbors! How I wish I were in Baltimore! How thankful I would be! I could then with an easy mind turn in and sleep all night the same as I have done in Boston, New York, Rio and all those places that were safe from the elements!"

"New York!" she continued to think, "How serenely happy and contented I felt when I saw the last of that harbor! It seems now, tonight particularly, like a dream; the contrast only helps to emphasize those supremely happy moments!" And she fell to wondering where Remsen might be, as she had often done since parting from him last, and wondering, particularly tonight, if he were anywhere within the reach of this, or other similar, storms.

Ever since he bade her goodbye she had felt that she must see him again.

"Oh! we must get safely through this storm!" she said aloud, "we simply must reach some port out of reach of these dangers that threaten! Oh! I cannot think that fate would be so cruel as never to let me see him again. I never cared so much before," she thought, "but now the worst storm I have ever experienced in all my life at sea

comes and threatens to intervene when it makes a difference."

Lost in thought she could still see Remsen in her mind's eye as he bounded up the companionway and disappeared from her sight.

Possibly forever, even though they did succeed in successfully weathering the storm, for after all where could she find him? Mary was brought back to actual facts by a terrific gust at this moment, putting the "Mary Frances" well down to port, threatening to throw Mary, and the transom cushion to which she was holding tightly, all out on the cabin floor in a heap.

In a moment or so the ship recovered as she forged ahead again, more into the teeth of the wind. Mary sat up with her feet on the floor and her hands clasping the front edge of the berth tightly on each side of her. She was decidedly frightened and looked it, for her eyes stared wide and her breath came full and fast.

Mary could now hear hurried shuffling about on deck over her head and listening she wondered what new trouble could have arisen, what new thing was threatening now.

Then, as the ship heeled down again, before another gust of wind, she could hear water washing in the bilge under her feet.

She stood now and wondered—and listened—as she tried to make up her mind that she was mistaken—tried to convince herself that the wash of the water she heard was outside along the water line and not inside of the hull at all—tried to convince herself also that she only imagined the scurrying of the men on deck, in consequence of one or two of them perhaps having lost their footing in the seaway momentarily.

Still she stood, and listened, and feared, then climbed on her knees on to the table and waited for a good chance between the rolls of the ship when she rose quickly to her feet and grabbed hold of the deck carline, just under the combing of the forward end of the deck house, over the companion way.

Spreading her feet as far apart as possible she now raised herself on tiptoe and endeavored to peek out through one of the dead lights in the forward end of the hatch house and see, as well as she could considering the darkness of the storm, what was really transpiring on deck.

At first she could see but a short distance, but by turning the light low in the cabin she could discover more, after her eyes became adjusted to the darkness, she peering here and there during a moment when the sea would cease to throw her about, long enough to keep her eyes in line with the port hole, and at other times swinging her here and there as she hung fast, finally she discovered a little forward of midships, dead ahead of her, four men, deck hands, in oil skins, pushing and pulling at something, working hard, but what it was they were trying to do she as yet was unable to determine.

The ship bucked and plunged and rolled and threw her face momentarily out of line with the port, but struggling hard she succeeded in getting a view of the men again in a couple of seconds.

Straining her eyes to the utmost, trying her best to see what it was they had hold of; were they trying to move something? She could not make out, and, as she continued gazing at them the "Mary Frances" rode an immense sea and sliding down on the opposite side as the wave passed astern she drove her bowsprit clear out of sight and picked

up a tremendous body of water on her for'ard deck, more apparently, this time than Mary, at least, had seen her do at any of the previous times when she shipped seas since the storm began.

Then much quicker than Mary could comprehend what was occurring, this huge body of water rushed aft as the "Mary Frances" struggled up out of the sea.

The water as it came rushing on toward Mary broke and foamed, and sizzled, and the spray flew just as the crest of a wave would break on the beach—then for minutes, it seemed to Mary many minutes, she could detect nothing. It seemed to her that she was beneath the sea and that there was nothing but water on the outside of the porthole; she almost expected to see fish swim by.

By the time she could detect anything on deck again, which was not until after the gale had dried the glass off, the first thing she witnessed was the four men who had been working so hard further forward, apparently all out of breath and in different positions trying to scramble to their feet, some on their knees, some sitting down flat on the deck and another full length, while the last was just rising to his feet. They were dripping wet. Then Mary noticed first that one and then that all of them were made fast at the end of a line, the other end of which was fastened to something stationary.

Mary looked and realized for the first time that the sea that they had shipped had passed completely over the deck and the men and would, undoubtedly, have carried the latter overboard with it had they not been made fast.

For a moment Mary felt a little weak and as though the color had receded from her face as this

incident bore in upon her what might be among the possibilities before this storm was over.

Her knees shook a little and she squatted down on the table only to discover that the wash in the bilge was more audible than before.

"Heavens!" she thought, as she jumped up and looked out at the porthole again, grasping the carline tightly and with her face glued to the glass, was determined to prove her suspicion wrong.

There were the four men, right in the same position, if, therefore, they had been trying to move something they had not yet succeeded in moving it; still pulling and hauling! Yes, there they were; two of the men facing the other two, and though Mary could not see of what they had hold, she could distinctly witness the general direction of their movements as they bent forward, the two facing her together pulling back, then they bent forward and the other two pulled back—pulling and hauling—pushing and pulling—swinging to and fro.

Merciful heavens! they are at the pumps!

This realization borne in upon Mary seemed to take all of her strength, her nerve almost gave out completely when she at last comprehended all that the existing conditions were gradually leading toward. She felt almost as she imagined one would feel when panic stricken, all shaky, choked and smothered.

She jumped down off the table and in a wobbly fashion managed to reach her stateroom in spite of the sea that was running and the rolling of the ship.

Having entered the stateroom she was unable to remain there as it only aggravated the sensation that she was experiencing; it seemed so small, close and stuffy; she seemed to strangle.

So rushing again into the cabin she staggered from one thing to another to which she could hold fast, endeavoring to find the cabin boy, as she felt that she must have company, some one to speak with.

After having investigated the galley in every nook and corner without success she was at last forced to the conclusion that he, too, had been among the requisitioned for service on deck before they had battered down the hatches.

Coming back into the saloon she threw herself again on one of the transom bunks and almost gave up in despair and then as another heavy gust of wind caused the ship to knock down even more than usual, amid the accompanying sounds of creaking, and giving timbers and planking, she about decided that it would be impossible for her to remain below any longer, she felt that she must have air.

Then as the water in the bilge all shifted down to leeward and splashed up against the cabin flooring on that side of the vessel to the extent of even soaking the carpet through the cracks, and the "Mary Frances" seemed to have made up her mind to stay in that position, she was so long in righting herself, that Mary became absolutely frantic and scrambled to the companionway and up the steps on her hands and feet, until reaching the top she tried the Companionway doors. They were fastened! Then by pulling on them she raised herself and tried to force back the hatchcover, but that, too, had been made fast like the doors.

Being locked in fast down below decks forced Mary into a still more hysterical condition and made it seem to her that the cabin was still smaller and closer and more stuffy than ever before.

There she sat nonplused, on the steps, near the top, hanging on as fast as she could to keep her

position. It seemed as though the "Mary Frances" had never rolled so in all her existence. She must surely be rolling her rails under.

First, as she would fall off a little, she would roll, and roll, to a terrific angle, then as she would eat up into the wind she would take the waves more on starboard or port bow and pitch for a while, pitch her bow clear under, as she had been doing before, only it seemed now that she almost stood on end. Now and then she would drive her nose down into the next sea, after having ridden the last one, and strike the wall of water with an impact almost equal to a collision; she seemed to stop absolutely and vibrate to such an extent from stem to stern, resembling an old man with ague, until it seemed that it was impossible for her to recover from the shock, then struggling, laboring, apparently determined, and finally valiantly and victoriously she would ride on the crest of the on-rushing wave with tons of water on her forecastle deck that would wash across it and then aft carrying everything with it that was not made fast, until, finally, this great mass of water would find its way back into the ocean whence it came, through the scuppers and vents along the waist of the ship.

Then after riding a few waves that were not quite so vicious another mountain of water would roll along and the "Mary Frances" would repeat the previous performance, fighting her way, trying to live on in the tempestuous way as before, holding her own fairly well, but always falling back, always losing a little, every gust of wind with exceptional force was straining the hull, eventually starting a butt in the planking here or there, enabling the water to come into the bilge.

Then until she had gained way to some extent

the force of the wind would roll her down further as the water invariably would flow to leeward.

The continued straining opened more seams until the "Mary Frances" had gained quantities of water which settled her down deeper leaving her less free-board, which might have been a benefit if it had been accomplished by a regular cargo or a fixed ballast, but water was a different proposition, could not be confined or controlled, and instead of keeping the boat righted it aided and abetted the wind in knocking her down further and making her roll in a most dangerous manner.

Nevertheless the "Mary Frances" drove on in the storm, first rolling and knocking down, then coming up into the teeth of the wind, and driving into which she would right herself somewhat and pitch and plough, and shiver, and crack, continuously.

Mary sat huddled on the steps, almost hysterical, for she knew not what to do, nor what was coming; she expected anything.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DERELICT

She realized that she was there alone below unable to escape and that it was impossible for her to call for assistance or to reach her father, and then if she could escape in all probability the roar and rush of the storm and wind would make it impossible for her to be heard, if she yelled her lungs out, more than five feet away and with the water rushing over the decks as it had been and was continuing to do she could not attempt to go on deck if she could get out of the cabin, for she fully realized that she was nowhere near strong enough to hold on to anything. If one of those waves came across the deck while she stood there it would undoubtedly wrench her away as easily as she would break a straw in two.

Mary sat on the steps, grasping hold of the stringers so tightly that she almost drove her nails into the wood; sat there with her mouth parched and her eyes wide, staring, frightened terribly.

"Oh!" she thought, "If Elisha were only here, or better, if I were only with him, wherever he is! It may be luck or it may be ability, but he always seems to get out of difficulties. If I were only with him I would not be so awfully afraid anyway, for as he hoisted that bale of goods without fire I would expect him to find some way to get out of this storm in safety."

"Confidence," she continued, "is a great help. Oh! if I only had confidence now, then I would not

be frightened and I have confidence in Elisha, and if I were only with him—if I were only with him!”

Mary continued to sit thinking, staring into space, wondering, trying to think what there was earthly that she could possibly do. What could she do if anything awful happened? Occasionally she would get her nerves slightly subdued; she would begin to breathe a little easier perhaps for a minute or so, but invariably the ship would pitch and shiver, and crack and snap, and the water would rush over her again, shattering everything that would come in its way and she would knock down and roll and nearly knock Mary off the steps, or she would stay there and stagger until Mary would be frightened as badly as ever for fear the ship was going to turn over completely.

The “Mary Frances” worked up into the wind once more, which had now grown to a lively gale, howling, whistling dismally, shrieking through the rigging like a demon and the “Mary Frances” once more struggled up a mountainous wave, and then coasted down the opposite side and plunged ahead into the trough of the sea until she had buried her nightheads clear under back to her foremast.

The impact was terrific, the vibration seemed to shake the very corking out of the seams. Mary had expected to see the water rush in as through a sieve—and then the “Mary Frances” seemed to hesitate and stop, then struggle—then hesitate again, and making a frantic effort she at last came back to something approaching a level keel preparatory to riding the next wave, while the one into which she had just plunged, towering half way up the mast, rolled aft, spitting and hissing like a snake, as a gust of wind tore the top off of it, finally breaking and crashing down on the deck amidships smashing

up the last two small boats that were left and carrying them out of their cradles and wrenching them loose from the davits, this mass of water continuing, rushed aft, breaking the glass of one of the dead lights in the cabin trunk over the saloon and smashing in one of the panels, finally went on overboard like its predecessors carrying the small boats with it, as well as one of the deck hands who, it would seem, had been wrenched from his lashings.

Mary sat on the steps petrified by the impact and her fright was heightened still more when the boats crashed. Then one great mass of water rushed in through the dead light and smashed panel, soaking everything and flooding the cabin. Mary shrieked and screamed and choked and all but fainted.

As the water on deck found its way overboard again, the water that entered the cabin soaked through the carpet and percolated through the cracks and crevices and finally found its way to the bilge, thus adding to the quantity of water already there.

For a moment Mary swayed and her head seemed to swim, mist seemed to be before her eyes, but summoning all of her stamina and determination she finally succeeded in bringing herself back to a normal condition.

She thought, "It is time now, I must do something; what shall it be?"

Her eyes fell upon the demolished panel, it was directly over the table which had been upset.

Mary crawled down off the steps, managed to get the table straightened up directly under the broken panel, during a slight lull between the rolls of the ship, then the "Mary Frances" having made another terrific plunge the water came rushing back over the decks, in through the apertures, down into the

cabin and soaked everything, Mary included, this time, while she and the table were both thrown against the bulkhead in a heap.

Mary, struggling, extricated herself, crawling out from under the table, at last got to her feet again, then righted the table and hauled it back into the position directly under where the panel had been stove in and now, quickly, before another rough sea rolled along, she scrambled onto the table and rising to her feet quickly, grabbed the carline and held on tightly, then putting her hands out through the opening she got hold of the sill of the deck house and tried to pull herself up, but did not succeed in doing any better than getting her face up even with the aperture and calling loudly for her father.

The lack of responsive action indicated that she had not met with success and realizing that it would be impossible for her to get out through the opening at that height she set about to discover better means to accomplish it.

Just at this moment they shipped another sea and Mary realizing the results that would follow jumped down off the table and out of the way in time to avoid a drenching such as she got before, then as soon as the sea quieted slightly she grabbed a chair, one of the dining chairs, and placed it onto the table, then climbed up onto the table, whence she stepped up onto the chair, when she was able to thrust her head and shoulders out through the opening and then drew herself through a little further until, by turning over, she was enabled to sit on the edge of the deck and the combing of the cabin trunk with her feet hanging down inside. In the same moment the ship's clock in the cabin below struck eight bells—it was midnight—and then with a crash the chair and table slid down to leeward.

Sitting thus she was holding tightly as she could, with all her strength, to the edge of the house, furtively glancing over her shoulder, expecting every minute a terrible sea to come aft, strike her in the back and drive her against the edge of the roof of the cabin trunk.

She called loudly for her father, again and again, and then she saw his head rise above the roof of the house at the after end, opposite to where she sat, surprise was on his face, undoubtedly he was unable to understand how Mary had gotten out on deck without coming up through the companionway and passing him where he had taken up his position near the wheel.

However, he did not make any attempt at questioning at that distance in the gale, he, realizing the peril of her position and the necessity of coming to her assistance immediately, took a great risk, as fathers frequently will for their children, and casting himself loose from his lashings he gradually worked his way around the cabin trunk, finally reaching Mary he lifted her through the opening in the for'ard end of the house and set her on her feet and then with all the alacrity possible rushed her forward, amidships, where there were some ends of halyards and other lines that were already made fast that would enable him to lash themselves by them to a mast, backstays, or a belaying pin, as rapidly as possible, before another wave came across the decks.

As they reached the mizzen mast they met the gang of men who had been working the pumps scurrying aft. They were bruised and cut from the punishment they had received until they could stand no more and now they boldly announced to the Captain, "We're quitters, we will pump no more, for

we can stand no more, knocked about, beaten up by the sea and almost smothered with water at the same time, every few minutes, we are exhausted."

Captain Elsworth hesitated for a moment, the men determined, announcing themselves thus and abandoning the pumps with the ship leaking as it was, distracted his attention from Mary for a moment.

The fact commenced to dawn upon the Captain that everything was going wrong and that disorganization and disintegration was now well under way; he also now fully understood that these were merely signs of the end to come.

As an extra puff hit the "Mary Frances" it brought the Captain back to their immediate danger and the necessity for his taking prompt action without delay to guard against premature disaster.

So the Captain turning to the men said, ignoring their remarks, "Well, then, lend a hand here, will you, until we get my daughter safely fastened to something."

There was a number of yards and spars all lashed together close at hand that had been sent down from aloft when the blow first commenced, which, though dislodged more or less from their original position, were still on deck lying diagonally between the main and mizzen mast. Mary was now leaning against this heap of spars which had been lashed together.

Captain Elsworth and one of the men, both observing the frothy whitecap of a coamer approaching ahead at the same time, cried out and made a grab for Mary with one hand and the line with the other, with the loose end of which they lashed her fast as rapidly as possible by the arms and around under the arms, right where she was, to that raft of spars.

The wave, however, did not turn out as vicious as expected and the "Mary Frances" shipped not more than a ton of water this time for'ard which covered the decks barely ankle deep when it came to where they stood, although down by the leeward rail it ran nearly waist high. The "Mary Frances" was now growing very logy and showed a decided increasing tendency to waller in the trough of the seas.

The Captain and the men were just turning about casting around for the best way and place to provide lashings for themselves, and as they stood for a moment undecided as to what locality would be the best to select in order to receive the least drenching and punishment, the "Mary Frances" fell off by the head again catching a full and heaving hard over, sufficiently to make it momentarily impossible to hold one's footing on deck, the Captain and the four men in spite of all their resistance gradually slid and slipped and stepped involuntarily until finally they fetched up in the leeward waist.

Then having something to take hold of and brace against they made a desperate leap and jumped up the deck, one of them by frantic effort finally managing to grasp a mast hoop in one case, while the other one only succeeded in getting far enough to grab the other one's waistband and thus haul himself up to the mast alongside of his companion.

The "Mary Frances" had now started to shoot ahead and they expected to see her come up out of it into the wind again, as always before, but just at this moment, this most unopportune moment, when they were already well over, a terrific gust of a most fiendish nature struck the ship full on her broadside. Coming from a few points further aft than the general direction of the gale, the wind

was evidently becoming variable, the force of it was so extraordinarily great for the few moments that it lasted, the velocity must have been well over eighty miles an hour, that it sent the "Mary Frances" over until her leeward rail was entirely out of sight, under water, and yet further, until she fairly stood on her beam ends.

Mary saw her father and the other two seamen completely submerged and the leeward rail disappear beneath the surface of the sea.

Her senses seemed to leave her, her brain swam and for a moment she could see nothing.

With bending, straining, tearing, crashing and splintering sounds, apparently all about and everywhere, the mizzen backstays on the weather side parted and with the rigging all fouled the mizzen mast broke off short, about six feet above the deck, and went by the board taking a terrific plunge amid a gigantic splash.

Thus the "Mary Frances" being relieved suddenly from the pressure on the sails that went down with this spar, righted herself with an alacrity that rolled her well over to windward while the water in the bilge, which was voluminous by this time, swinging over to the windward side rolled her still further in that direction and held her there for a while before she started to return.

That moment was sufficient and unfortunate, for it was at that instant that a wave of gigantic proportions, second to none that they had yet experienced that night, came along and broke aboard of the "Mary Frances" all over her deck, completely swamping her from stem to stern.

For a little time there was practically nothing visible of the "Mary Frances" above water but the remaining spars, but shortly she appeared to gradu-

ally float to the surface and rise out of the ocean as the water, tons of it, flowed in torrents from her decks back into the sea.

When the decks of the "Mary Frances" were once more free there was not a living soul visible aboard of her; nor anything else. Her destiny now was in the hands of Providence. A dismasted derelict.

CHAPTER XVII

THE NEW ENTERPRISE

Remsen had wasted several months looking into one proposition and another as to the advisability of investing his money profitably.

In the meantime his capital was slowly dwindling away, as all this time he had to live and meet his expenses, but so far he was undecided how to employ his money in such a way as to bring him good returns.

He had several ideas under consideration, of course. There was the merchant marine and his intention to purchase a vessel and follow the sea, and one which had been suggested to him by an advertisement he had seen in one of the papers and which had been uppermost in his mind for a couple of days.

The advertisement set forth that the good and commodious side wheel, Hudson River steamboat, "O. F. Potter," was for sale where and as she lay at the wharf, near Sing Sing, on the Hudson River, price and terms reasonable, which started Remsen thinking along lines which held out great hopes to him of success and profit.

He decided that if he could obtain this, or some such similar river steamer, large enough for him to take down South, and yet not too great a draft to run well up the Savannah River, there ought to be an exceptional opportunity to get more freight than he could handle down the river in the shape of cotton for trans-shipment at Savannah to the

North and foreign ports at freight rates that would be ample reward for the trouble, in view of the fact that Sherman's army in the march from Atlanta to the seaboard had taken particular pains to destroy all railroads and means of transportation in the country particularly adjacent to and paralleling the Savannah River on the South side.

Therefore, all that area south, southwest and west of Augusta were without means at the present time of getting the cotton crop to market, except by very tedious and laborious methods and in only a limited quantity.

Sherman's army in its march had torn up the railroad tracks generally and had even gone to the trouble of piling the railroad ties crisscross in what is known as log cabin fashion and after setting fire to them and they had become a blazing mass, assisted by the roaring draft up through the middle, Sherman's men would then take the rails by the ends, four or five men at each end, and lay them across the pile of blazing ties, balancing them in the middle.

In this manner the center section of the rails became red hot which enabled the soldiers to again take them up by the ends and while one gang held fast to one end, causing it to remain stationary, the other gang walked around a tree with the other end of the rail until they had wrapped every rail completely around a tree.

Then the rails were permitted to cool.

Thus, with every rail practically tied around a tree and the ties destroyed by fire there was small chance of transportation by rail at an early date, especially considering the demoralized condition of this territory after the punishment it had received.

After Remsen had figured this all out he decided

to start up the Hudson River at the earliest possible moment and inspect the steamboat and find out how reasonable the price was and then make an offer of what he felt able to pay in the hope that it might be accepted.

So suiting the action to the thought and having looked up the timetable he had caught a train from New York early the following morning and arriving at Sing Sing had, upon making inquiry, experienced no difficulty in easily locating the "O. F. Potter" at a dock about half a mile below the depot.

So walking back down the track along the shore, after a short time he arrived alongside of the boat.

Upon investigating he discovered a watchman aboard of her and to him explained his mission.

In reply to Remsen's inquiry the watchman told him the price the owners had placed upon the boat, which was quite a little in excess of any figure that Remsen would be able to reach.

"Do you think," Remsen then said, "that they would consider an offer for the boat subject to my inspection, examination below the water line and a trial trip?"

"No doubt of it," replied the watchman, "for I know they are anxious to dispose of the boat as they have no further use for her; they built a new one to take her place on the run."

"Then," Remsen continued, "if you have the keys and with your permission, I would like to look her over."

"I would be very glad to show her," replied the watchman, "that is what I am here for as I have the keys right with me, if you will follow me, we will start immediately."

Remsen accompanied the watchman and made a thorough inspection of the boat from the upper deck

to the water line, then descended into the engine room and fire room and to Remsen's delight the boat seemed to be in fairly good condition and he was agreeably surprised that this was especially so in regard to the machinery.

Afterward they came up on deck again and it was decided, after talking the matter over for a few minutes, that the watchman should communicate with the owners and have them come up from the city and meet Remsen, at which time he could make an offer and they could arrange about having the boat hauled out and then having a trial trip and other details.

In view of all of which Remsen realized that it would be necessary for him to remain there for several days at least, as it would be impossible for him to go back and forth to the city every day as it would consume too much of his time and money.

Therefore, he inquired of the watchman, "Can you direct me to any desirable place where I can obtain lodgings and board?"

"Why the best place I know of," advised the watchman, "is a house about three doors from the top of Brakeneck Hill, on the right hand side as you go up, I forget the parties name, but you can easily locate the house."

Thereupon Remsen thanked the watchman and took his leave, with the understanding that he was to be advised as soon as it was known definitely what day the owners of the boat would be up from the city.

After Remsen had retraced his steps along the shore and located the foot of Brakeneck Hill he reached the top considerably out of breath from the exertion of scrambling up such a steep pathway, but

finally at the top he looked about him to locate the house for which he was searching.

There were two very attractive places with large grounds about them directly at the top of the hill, on each side of the roadway, one on his right hand and the other on his left; the grounds of the latter seemed to extend quite some distance up the street and then it adjoined an orchard beyond, while the former contained less ground, but, even so, amply large and was adjoined by a cottage on an ordinary country plot, and then beyond was another very similar.

This last then must be the one to which he was directed, therefore he started forward. On reaching the gate he entered and going up the front piazza rattled the brass knocker on the front door.

As a result of his doing so the door was opened and after he had made his mission known he was invited to enter and in another half hour he was comfortably located in a very desirable corner room.

He had time for a little walk about the neighborhood before supper and during the meal he was regaled with all the local gossip and information about the place and its inhabitants, particularly the nearby neighbors.

A goodly portion of the conversation being devoted to the gentleman who owned the large place on the opposite side of the street at the top of the hill who was supposed to be of southern extraction, a Mr. Pinckney, and connected in some way with some Virginia statesman or other; Remsen's host who ran the house where he was boarding was not able to say just which one.

And opposite to him, across the street, the other place just at the top of the hill, was a girls' boarding school conducted by a most estimable lady whom

every one liked. The school, it seemed, was known as Mrs. Perkins' Seminary.

Remsen thought that it was quite refreshing, indeed, to hear his landlady in discussing these people at last speak so exceedingly well of at least one of them.

The next morning Remsen had hardly finished his breakfast when a youngster arrived at the door with a note scribbled in pencil for him.

It turned out to be from the watchman of the "Potter" announcing that he had just received a letter from one of the owners of the boat, which had crossed his communication of the night before in the mail, announcing that he would be up to see him in regard to some business matters about eleven o'clock the same day.

This pleased Remsen immensely for it hastened matters and saved time and expense and enabled him to know definitely one way or the other whether he was going to get the "Potter" or have to look for something else in the way of an investment.

Having finished his breakfast he went to his room and wrote a letter to the Mansion House advising them that he was going to stay where he was for a while and releasing his room there.

Lighting his pipe he started out for a stroll to find the Post Office, which he did after making one or two inquiries on the way; then started for the boat, after mailing his letter.

Of course, he reached her first, before the train had arrived from New York with the party who was part owner of her.

He had not sat on the edge of the dock smoking his pipe very long though before the train rolled in and in about fifteen minutes the gentleman came down the dock and Remsen was duly presented to

him by the watchman as soon as he reached them.

There was no time lost in opening up the business in hand, just as soon as the watchman explained that Remsen had inspected the boat so far as he could as she lay and wanted to buy her if they could get together on price and terms.

The result was that Remsen made an offer of a certain amount, subject to sighting her bottom and a satisfactory trial trip.

Which being agreeable it was arranged to have the "Potter" towed to Newburgh where she could be hauled out, the owner to pay the expenses of so doing, if she proved to be faulty in any way under water, while if as represented the expense was to be borne by Remsen.

Then, also, it was arranged that after she came off the ways the trial trip was to consist of a run down to New York City where the money was to be paid over for her and a clean bill of sale handed to Remsen in exchange if the trial trip proved successful.

All of which was duly carried out in the course of the next four or five days, and then everything, the boats underbody, the trial trip, and all having proved entirely satisfactory to Remsen, the money was paid over and Remsen was sole owner and Captain of the good side wheel steamboat "O. F. Potter."

Remsen was now launched in his new enterprise, the die had been cast; he was now almost as good as established in business. For many days he was kept very busy selecting a crew, coaling up and provisioning the boat preparatory to taking her south.

Of course, he was taking somewhat of a chance in proceeding to Savannah without knowing posi-

tively whether he could obtain wharfage and other accommodations that would be necessary for him to acquire in order to establish his boat on a regular run between Augusta and the sea.

These chances he was compelled to assume on account of the difficulty in communicating with that section of the country, through the particular territory which would have to be traversed if he attempted to make the necessary arrangements in advance.

The full crew having at last been engaged the coaling of the boat was commenced and continued until not only the bunkers were full but tons of coal in sacks were also stowed on deck located conveniently to the boiler room hatches.

Then the boat was provisioned for the whole trip to Savannah, but it was a question whether they would be able to get through with the amount of coal they had aboard, even considering the extra deck load, without having to stop at some point down the coast for fuel.

At last the day arrived when all was in readiness to put to sea, and proved to be all that could be desired for any purpose.

Almost a perfectly clear sky with hardly a cloud to be seen, and no wind stronger than a mere zephyr.

They had dropped down the river abreast of Governors Island with the "Potter" and anchored the night before with the intention of getting away at sunrise, weather permitting, so now they got up their anchor in accordance with the program and heading the boat for the narrows passed on down to quarantine and later out into the ocean at Sandy Hook.

There was practically no sea running, nothing

more than a mere ground swell with a few little ripples showing a light breeze from the west.

Remsen observed to himself that, apparently, he was going to experience his usual luck at sea, but he kept his thoughts to himself entirely, lest if he divulged them he might be disappointed.

Practically every time since he had entered the Navy, that he had to make trips at sea, the weather had always been favorable.

Of course, they had to run night and day and for that reason there was a double crew aboard of the "Potter."

They carried fair weather with little, or no, wind first from one direction and then another, as far as the Virginia Capes, and then quite a little breeze commenced to make up from the northeast and continued to freshen steadily.

The general course of the "Potter" being quite a little west of south this northeast breeze helped her along, striking her almost full from astern.

By the time they rounded Cape Hatteras, which was shortly after sunrise one morning, the breeze had increased to a wind of quite some force and they were now running before the sea and pitching considerably, but, nevertheless, they were moving along at a very rapid speed.

All the forenoon the velocity of the wind increased and by the time they were off Cape Lookout Remsen and his first officer came to the conclusion that they had better make a harbor at the first opportunity.

Consequently they altered their course slightly to head for Charleston Harbor, which brought them square before the wind.

The "Potter" was altogether too shoal draft for rough weather of this character and Remsen felt

considerable anxiety as to whether they would be able to make the harbor before the hull of the boat would be strained in the seaway.

The "Potter" running before the wind made the pitching, of course, very much easier than if she was running into it, as it had a tendency to make the waves longer, giving her an opportunity to take her time in riding them.

Nevertheless as flat as she was she pounded pretty hard every time she would come down on the water and, of course, was slowly but surely shaking herself to pieces.

In fact a great deal of the glass ware, crockery, lamp shades and the like had already been destroyed.

But how she was flying! It really seemed as though the wind was driving her more than her steam power.

The gale, the proportions of which the wind had now assumed, was threatening in the extreme by the time the entrance to Charleston Harbor was sighted, and it is safe to assume that all hands aboard the "Potter" heaved a sigh of relief at that moment.

It was not the most enviable thing in the world, even to men accustomed to the sea, sailors and officers of the U. S. Navy, to be offshore in a light draft, side wheel river steamboat in a full fledged nor'easter.

At last they entered the harbor, having had no trouble in crossing the bar or in getting over some shoal spots in spite of the high sea that was running (thanks in this case to the light draft of their boat), and then they proceeded up to Charleston and made fast for the night, just before dark.

How fortunate they were to have succeeded in reaching a snug berth for the night was impressed

upon them all when Remsen remarked, "My usual luck when going to sea did not follow me to the end of the voyage this time as I suspected it was going to when we first set out." And added, "Listen to that wind howl!"

As they finished their evening meal and some were smoking and lounging about in the cabin or for'ard, gusts of wind would whistle around the boat and through the cracks of the windows in the cabin and the pilot house, and everywhere possible.

Vicious blasts would strike the boat and she would forge ahead on her lines until she stretched them taught, almost to the parting point. She would bare against the spring piles of the dock grinding them until they squeaked and groaned under the strain and pressure.

Then the gale would slacken somewhat, momentarily, and the boat would swing back from the elasticity of the lines, after which the latter would hang slack until another blast struck her and drove her up taught on them again.

As the evening progressed the velocity increased and Remsen offered up inaudible thanks that he was not outside the beach this night in this boat, for he well knew that had he been he would have stayed there, for he never would have been able to make a harbor before the boat would have been wrecked beneath his feet.

All night long the wind howled and the gale sent its vicious blasts whistling through the crevices until well along in the early morning hours when it seemed to have spent its force and fury and died down perceptibly in strength, then just before the first streaks of dawn were visible it ceased to blow entirely.

About sunrise the storm apparently ended and,

judging from the stiff little breeze that sprang up a couple of hours later from directly the opposite point of the compass, it could be safely assumed that the storm center had passed to the north.

By the time they were all up and doing aboard the "Potter" and had had their breakfast, a southeasterly breeze had put in an appearance and was beginning to do its best to cut down the northeasterly sea that was still running in consequence of the storm the night before.

The sky had cleared away and the sun shone brightly.

The breeze was bringing the balmy atmosphere from the region of the gulf and the day promised all that one could desire.

On the run down the coast all the deck load of coal had been consumed and about half of what was in the bunkers.

Remsen, therefore, made arrangements to refill the bunkers as a matter of precaution before starting out again, as he had the morning, at least, to spare for this purpose, as, of course, they could not leave until the sea was somewhat subdued.

They, therefore, moved the "Potter" around to the coal pockets and set to work coaling her.

By midday this work was all accomplished and the decks washed down in the vicinity of the bunker holes, but it had not been necessary for them to wash decks where the coal had been in bags, for since they had used that the spray and the seas which the "Potter" had shipped before making the harbor had done that work for them in a most thorough manner.

So now, it being a little after eight bells in the midday and the cook having been successful with his labors, Remsen, the officers and the crew alike,

fell to on a savory meal, particularly palatable to them all after their labors of the morning in the open air and the bright sun, some in the saloon and some in the forecastle, with the full knowledge that the next work in hand would be to make a fresh start for the Savannah River.

The southwest breeze had freshened a little during the forenoon and the latest reports were that it had succeeded admirably in knocking down the waves outside of the beach. Had flattened the water out, as it were. Taken the tops off of the waves and elongated the undulations.

Thus it was figured that they could safely start out with the "Potter" and have no more difficulty with her than experiencing a good size, long, ground swell.

The meal over, they set to work and got the side wheeler under way and proceeded down the harbor.

It was all smooth enough going until they reached the bar, then it was a question just how rough the sea would be beyond.

They were very much gratified, and Remsen's mind was greatly relieved, to find nothing more than a gentle, easy swell outside of the capes.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE RESCUE

Having cleared the bay the "Potter" settled down to a steady gait at her best speed, and they were running along making good time to the gentle rise and fall of the swell, while Remsen paced the for'ard maindeck, at ease in his mind and contented.

They had not cleared the mouth of the harbor five miles when Remsen, looking forward as he turned at one end of his promenade, observed, dead ahead, quite a good sized bit of wreckage, apparently drifting with the breeze.

He could see it every time it rose on a wave, then it would drop out of sight as it settled into the trough of the sea.

As they continued on their course the "Potter" steadily headed for the bit of wreckage. Was it possible that the pilot did not see it, or was he deliberately trying to hit it?

Resmen turned and looked up at the pilot house, and, seeing that the man at the wheel was not looking, apparently, very far ahead, hailed him, calling his attention to the floating menace to navigation, and instructed, "Give that bunch of timber more clearance. Ease off a bit. If you were to foul it with one of our paddle wheels there would not be a bucket left on the wheel and the wheel house would probably be wrecked."

The helmsman obeyed, rolling the wheel a spoke or two, and the "Potter" responded.

Going along at their steady speed the space was

constantly lessened between the pile of timber drifting and the boat.

Every moment or so Remsen would cast his eyes ahead at the lumber raft, or whatever it was, to make sure that there was no chance of fouling it, especially as at this distance it began to assume proportions of great magnitude. It consisted of quite a number of timbers, logs, or something of that kind, to all appearances.

After making a couple of turns more he looked up again and now it appeared to him that there was a sack of something, or a large bundle, on the floating object.

He turned about and called up to the pilot again, "Hello! Aloft! there in the pilot house. Just put the glasses on the stuff ahead and see what you make it out to be!"

The man at the wheel studied the object for a moment or so through a strong pair of binoculars, then lowering his glasses called down to Remsen that, "It appears to be quite a number of ships spars, apparently lashed together, and made fast to them there seems to be a large dark object resembling clothes, or rags, or something of that kind."

"Well! keep your eye on it and see what it turns out to be" replied Remsen, and then started for the upper deck, reaching it he climbed the ladder to the pilot house.

In the meantime the "Potter" had been forging steadily ahead.

Remsen entered the pilot house and picked the glasses up from the shelf in front of the wheel, put them up to his eyes and rested his elbows on the window sill.

He looked long and earnestly.

Then remarked, while still gazing through the

glasses, "I would not be surprised if that bunch of something turned out to be a human being. A woman, at that, for I am almost positive that I can see long hair, wet and bedraggled, streaming down around the bundle, or whatever it is."

Remsen lowered the glasses, and straightening up, remarked to the man beside him, "Perhaps we had better run a little closer; our assistance may be needed."

The wheel was shoved around a spoke or two in the opposite direction this time and the "Potter" ran closer.

Now the wreckage was fairly close at hand. They would soon be abreast of it.

Remsen raised the glass and took another look.

But had barely adjusted the focus at the new distance when he exclaimed, "Great Scott! it is a woman, as sure as you are alive!"

He set down the glass and reached for the bell pull. He gave her one gong to slow down, then rushing out of the door of the pilot house hailed a couple of deck hands below. "Clear away one of the boats! There is somebody on that bunch of spars!"

Then he turned and called to the pilot to stop the "Potter" abreast of the wreckage and hold her there until they returned with the boat.

After that he went below to the main deck, by which time the small boat had been lowered.

The two men jumped in, prepared to take the oars, and Remsen leaped into the stern and seating himself took the tiller ropes.

The men shoved clear with their oars, then dropped them into the oarlocks and pulled away.

As they did so Remsen noticed that the "Potter's" engine was backing to kill her headway.

After rowing a hundred yards, or a little more, they rounded up alongside of the wreckage, which proved to be as Remsen had made it out through the glasses, about a dozen spars from some sailing vessel all lashed together.

As they came alongside and grasped hold of the lashings of the spars Remsen reached over to draw the woman forward the yawl, but when he did so discovered that she was well lashed to the spars.

Of course, she was soaking wet and the knots in the lines had been wet so long and had shrunk so tight that it was a practical impossibility to even think of untying them.

Her hair was all loose and bedraggled and hung down in every direction, a good part of it more than half covering her face.

The woman, it was plain to be seen, was unconscious.

Unfortunately Remsen had no knife with him, but the deck hand rowing the stroke oar had one, so getting it out he reached over and sawed away at the lines until they parted.

Then throwing the knife down on the seat he and Remsen lifted the woman from the raft into the boat and gently laid her down in the bottom of it, with her head and shoulders resting on Remsen's knees.

Then the men bent to their oars and pulled back for the "Potter."

As they did so Remsen felt of the woman's pulse and was glad to find that it was working and still fairly strong, considering her condition, which fact he announced to the other two men.

Then he raised his hand and gently brushed the hair back from her face and forehead, as he looked down at her.

It was quite some time, several minutes, it seemed to Remsen like years, before he could get his breath.

He thought he was going to faint. Then it seemed as though all the blood in his body rushed to his head.

They had nearly come alongside of the steamboat by the time he was able to speak, and then he cried, "Good Lord, it is Mary!"

Remsen was astounded.

He could not account for Mary's condition. What on earth had happened! Why was she lashed to spars and adrift?

What terrible thing had happened to the "Mary Frances," and where was the Captain?

Awful thoughts of what might have occurred commenced to crowd fast, one upon another, in Remsen's mind.

Unconsciously he looked around, quickly scanning the ocean in all directions.

Was it his duty to search further? Possibly the Captain and others were adrift—perhaps almost drowned, somewhere not far off.

"Great Heavens!" he thought, "if Mary could only speak!"

However, as he looked again toward her the importance of administering to her immediately, as his first duty, struck him forcibly.

Being now alongside of the "Potter" and the man in the bow having made fast the painter, Remsen lifted Mary, with the assistance of the other man in the small boat with him, to willing hands above them on the deck of the larger boat.

Then Remsen scrambled up and over the rail, shouting as he did so, "Somebody fetch some brandy as quickly as you can!" And then he drew a camp

stool toward him and placed Mary across it, face downward.

In the meantime the deck hands who had been with him in the yawl had hauled her up with the assistance of a couple of more men into the davits again.

While Remsen was waiting for the brandy he worked over Mary incessantly to the best of his skill and ability, drawing her arms rapidly above her head at intervals and then throwing them back again, in the hope that if there was water in her lungs this action, coupled with the position in which she lay, would expell it.

He seemed to obtain little result, however, and decided that she had taken in but little water with her breath, or else that the method he employed was not efficacious.

About this time the brandy arrived and he put forth his efforts by endeavoring to work a little of the stimulant into her mouth.

In the meantime, of course, the boat had proceeded on her way and they were now moving toward the mouth of the Savannah River with all possible rapidity.

Some one had brought a blanket and a pillow upon which Remsen had placed Mary when he altered his method of resuscitation to making an effort with the brandy, which she apparently swallowed, little by little, until she had taken a fairly good portion.

Now, as Remsen felt of her pulse again, which was unquestionably stronger and more regular, the increased warmth of her hands was perceptible to quite a marked degree.

Remsen poured out perhaps a tablespoonful of brandy into the glass and then looked down as he

was about to place the glass to Mary's lips, but refrained from doing so, for she was looking up at him with her eyes wide open.

"Mary?" inquired Remsen, as he set the glass down.

She smiled back faintly, but did not reply.

"What has happened," urged Remsen. "How did you get overboard?"

Mary feebly raised her hand and passed it over her eyes, at the same time slightly shaking her head, as if to plead with Remsen not to recall to her mind the scenes that she had just passed through.

He seemed to interpret her meaning and restrained his impatience. Then he gave her the rest of the brandy and sent for something for her to eat, realizing that his first duty was to help her in every way to regain her strength.

Luckily they were in a warm climate, otherwise Mary being so wet might have endangered her health, but, of course, nothing could be done to relieve the situation in that respect until she was strong enough to assist herself.

There were no woman's clothes aboard of the "Potter" to enable her to make a change, and, therefore, the only method to pursue would be for her to occupy one of the two staterooms aboard of the boat while her clothes were drying.

Before this idea could be carried out she would have to be vigorous enough to wait upon herself and remain alone for quite a little period of time.

Remsen hoped that the brandy would offset the wet clothes, temporarily at least, and he had now great faith in his hopes.

By this time the sea was quite gentle and the boat was moving through the water with a rhythmic action that betokened a speedy trip.

The boat was not particularly fast, but she did seem to be exceedingly sure and reliable.

After running all the rest of the afternoon without slackening speed at all they had not sighted the mouth of the Savannah River by dusk.

It was very evident that they would have to take chances and go up the river to Savannah after dark, for several reasons.

In the first place Remsen wanted to obtain medical advice and assistance for Mary in regard to her condition, and then he did not like the idea of having to keep her aboard all night, if it could be helped.

There was no telling what obligation might be placed upon him which would necessitate his immediate action as soon as he heard Mary's story, and, of course, he figured it out that he might get that story a little quicker with a doctors assistance.

Shortly after eight o'clock they hove in sight of the lights that marked the entrance to the Savannah, and about the same time, while Remsen still sat near Mary, she sat up of her own accord and said she felt much stronger and better, adding, "I am sure I must have been quite hungry. The little light supper I ate strengthened me a great deal."

Then she looked at Remsen for a minute and asked, "How on earth did you happen to be in this locality just at the right moment to pick me up, for I presume, of course, you did, having discovered me lashed to the spars?"

"Yes," replied Remsen, "we had just come out of Charleston where we had been during the storm and almost ran you down." "And," continued Remsen, "if you feel strong enough to talk a little, tell me, where are the rest? Is it possible for us to do any good or be of any further service, or is it too late?"

"It is too late," replied Mary, as her eyes filled for a moment. Then she said, "I think I must have fainted at the last moment. I remember everything seemed to swim so before my eyes when I saw father and the men engulfed by the water. Everything was swimming—then I saw a terrible wave coming right at me, bending right over me, and that was the last. How it all happened after that I do not know. Some way, apparently, I got overboard, lashed to those spars where I had been placed by father."

"It was the last thing he ever did for me."

Then Mary rolled over on the pillow and wept softly, but even though her grief was almost noiseless she sobbed convulsively, as was indicated by the heaving of her shoulders.

Undoubtedly she was very weak and her grief, therefore, seemed to her all the more poignant.

Remsen concluded that further conversation had better be deferred until later.

In a few moments, however, Mary recovered her composure and asked, "Where are we now? Have you any idea?"

"We are just about to enter the mouth of the Savannah River," replied Remsen, "and we ought to be able to make the ten-mile run to the city from here in about an hour, if we are lucky, and make a landing for the night by about eleven o'clock."

"I think then," said Mary, "that I had better try my best to get dry, if there is only about an hour's time left before we reach the city, and if you will help me to the stateroom I will do the best I can."

Remsen did as she suggested and then, having safely deposited her on the sofa in one of the staterooms, he withdrew, closing the door, promising as he did so to remain within call.

As soon as he was on deck again Remsen looked forward and was glad to observe that the harbor was wide and amply deep apparently, in fact he knew it was further ahead than he could see, at least, that is, for a boat of the size and draft of the "Potter" and he felt quite confident that the same condition would prevail all the way to Savannah, to a sufficient extent anyway for them to avoid getting into trouble.

Remsen hung around near the stateroom in which he had placed Mary as they proceeded up the river, as he had agreed to do, until the best part of an hour had elapsed.

Then Mary opened the door, stepped out, and while she explained, "Some of my clothes are still quite damp, but I feel a little better and think I make a much more presentable appearance," Remsen jumped forward and took hold of her arm, remembering how weak she was and fearing she might fall.

He then assured her, "You look all that could be desired. I only hope you feel as well."

"I feel much better," she answered, "now that I have my hair rearranged at any rate. It does make me feel so dilapidated to have my hair awry, straying all over and wet."

Remsen remarked, "We are indeed progressing, though slowly, now that we have accomplished one great achievement which seems to me like the ending of an old and the beginning of a new epoch."

"To what in particular do you refer?" asked Mary, looking up at him.

"You will observe," he replied, "that we are about making a landing, having arrived abreast of Savannah. That marks the end of my trip with this boat at sea."

"She is now safely on the Savannah River where

I anticipate she will begin to make regular runs, and I hope continue to do so for some time to come."

"In the event of her route proving successful and profitable it also means that I will abandon the North and remain in the South."

"This latter strikes me as being a change almost inconceivable heretofore."

"Here I have been for four years, and a trifle over, fighting the South with all my might and main, doing everything in my power to assist in destroying it, absolutely "Pro Yankee" in all my habits, thoughts and desires, and lo! and behold! I come now to my vanquished enemies' dooryard, you may say, to eke out a living."

"That is odd when you figure it all out," Mary supplemented.

They were at the dock and the lines were being made fast and hauled taught.

Mary was sitting on a camp chair that Remsen had turned around back to the rail so that she could lean back in it.

Remsen called down to one of the deck hands on the deck below to make inquiries up the dock as to the best doctor obtainable, near at hand, and have him come aboard immediately.

As the man started up the dock at a rapid pace to carry out Remsen's instructions, Mary said, looking up, "Elisha, I feel hungry again. I think I am beginning to get a little weak and shaky. A farinaceous diet does not seem to permit long intervals between eating."

"I tell you what," replied Remsen, "you stay here a minute while I run down to the galley. I will see if we have the necessary materials to mix you up a milk punch."

And suiting the action to the word, Remsen was gone in a 'jiffy.'

Finding that the cook still had some fresh milk on hand he soon had a stimulating nutritious beverage concocted with the aid of the brandy.

While Remsen was engaged in his duty as amateur bartender the doctor had been found at home, a few blocks from the dock, by the messenger sent by Remsen, and had returned with the latter, and was just coming aboard the boat as Remsen reached the deck from below.

They, therefore, proceeded to the upper deck together and upon reaching it stopped where Mary sat, Remsen presenting the doctor, and aided by Mary at intervals related the circumstances to the doctor.

Remsen also explained that Mary had felt hungry and the need of nutriment, and, therefore, the milk punch he had in the glass.

The doctor advised that she take it immediately and begged that they would not let his arrival interrupt.

In fact when the doctor felt of Mary's pulse he remarked, that her hands were extremely cold and it was plain to see that she was very much chilled from the pinched expression of her face and the huddled position in which she sat, advising that milk and stimulants were quite the best thing for her.

When the peculiar situation in which the whole chain of events had suddenly thrown Mary and Remsen together had been explained, he asked the doctor for his opinion as to the advisability of taking Mary to a hotel for the night and leaving her there in the care of the housekeeper, or some competent person of that character, in preference to her staying on board the boat where there were no

women. He shook his head and frowned, replying, "It will never do, Mr. Remsen, in her present nervous, weakened condition to do any such thing. It will be impossible for her to eat anything hearty before tomorrow and, therefore, she must be fed often, and little, and of very light foods, in the meantime, even during the night, in order to get her strength back so that she can eat something more substantial in the morning.

The doctor continued, "Now, I tell you what I suggest, you had better let me take her home in my carriage, which is waiting on the dock, and turn her over to my wife in whose care I can assure you she will receive every attention and consideration."

"Well!" asked Remsen, "if that idea is carried out, what is your opinion as to Miss Elsworth's being able to proceed up the river with us tomorrow morning?"

"I really believe," answered the doctor, "that there is no reason which will prevent, providing we are successful in heading off any cold she may have contracted and that she is able to eat a good breakfast."

Mary then addressed the doctor, telling him how anxious she was to get her clothes thoroughly dry and get the stickiness and the dampness out of her hair. She was sure she would feel very much better then.

While this conversation was going on Remsen took advantage of the opportunity to slip away and go below for a moment and interview the man who had fetched the doctor as to where the house was and what kind of a place it appeared to be.

Then accompanied by the man he went onto the dock and found the person who had recommended the doctor and cross-examined him in a like manner.

All of which reassured Remsen and satisfied him thoroughly, especially after he had looked over the baby victoria and the coachman driving the single horse, not but what these equipages were prevalent enough in that section of the country at the time, for as a matter of fact they were almost an epidemic, but it was the perfect appointment and condition of the whole rig which Remsen noted particularly.

He then returned to Mary and the doctor and announced, "I see no way for tonight but for us to accept your kind suggestion and hospitality, especially as it is now past midnight and undoubtedly a good bed would be the most welcome thing to the patient.

It being settled Remsen and the doctor helped Mary down to the carriage and into it, then they drove off, as Remsen stood with his hat removed and they exchanged "Good nights."

CHAPTER XIX

A NEW EXISTENCE

In the morning, before he even had any breakfast, Remsen set about attending to business.

The first thing that demanded his attention was to find a river pilot who would meet with his approval, and, if possible, make satisfactory and permanent arrangements with him as, of course, on a regular run between Savannah and Augusta a local pilot was quite essential; one who was thoroughly familiar with the channel and the shoals up the river.

This was the first thing that had to be accomplished, before the boat could leave the dock to proceed on up to Augusta.

Another thing was to take advantage of the opportunity offered to arrange before leaving Savannah for permanent wharfage and local officers at this end of the run.

The latter was easier to accomplish than the former, as, of course, dock masters and steamship offices were located near at hand, on, or at the base, of the docks and wharves.

This matter, therefore, was satisfactorily accomplished and all settled before he had come to a definite decision as to which of two or three applicants he would engage as pilot.

Having disposed of the other matters he was now trying to reach a definite conclusion on this subject when over his shoulder came the voice of Mary saying, "Good morning."

Remsen wheeled quickly, and, sure enough, there she was, and looking well enough too, considering the ordeal she had passed through, the wetting she had experienced and the strain on her nerves of the last twenty-four hours.

"Well! of all things!" replied Remsen, "and Good morning, by all means. But where is the carriage? How did you get here without my knowing it?"

"Why, there is no carriage," Mary informed him, "and I walked here. It is a fine morning and the exercise appealed to me. You see I was feeling so much better this morning, especially after I had eaten a good breakfast, that there was no occasion for me to ride.

"The doctor and his wife were certainly charming people and I cannot say too much in praise of all that they did for me.

"The attention that I received was most wonderful, as soon as the doctor explained the circumstances to his wife and all the dreadful mishaps that had befallen me and the trouble I have been through.

"Really, I do not see how the poor soul slept a wink all night. It seemed as though she were watching over me constantly.

"The doctor gave me some kind of medicine and told her to get me good and warm in bed, after I had had some nourishment, which the poor old soul prepared herself, and I can assure you that she was thoroughly capable of giving cooking lessons.

"But why go into the details further? You see the result?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Remsen, "I certainly do see a most wonderful and satisfactory result and I shall have to make it my business to call up there

personally before we sail for Augusta and verbally thank the doctor and his wife."

"It will not be necessary for you to go up to their house in order to do that," Mary informed him.

"And why not," asked Remsen?"

"Because," she said, "they are going to drive down shortly in order to see us off on our trip up the river."

"That is fine. That will save quite a little of my time and we will be able to start," said Remsen, "as soon as we have talked with them."

Thereupon, now that he knew that Mary was strong enough to make the trip and everything being in readiness to start as soon as the doctor and his wife arrived, or shortly thereafter, necessitated deciding definitely upon a river pilot, so Remsen promptly made up his mind to come to an immediate conclusion upon this point.

He consequently sent a messenger for the one which he could reach the quickest and most easily to report aboard immediately, prepared to take the boat up stream.

When he had done this he turned to follow Mary aboard of the boat, and while he was walking rapidly along the deck endeavoring to overtake her he noticed her a little more critically than he had previously perhaps, but, at any rate, he observed for the first time that her skirt was a little sagged and out of shape and that her sleeves in addition to all the rest showed quite a little shrinkage.

It occurred to him, therefore, that the apparel she had on might answer to get up to Augusta, but when she once got there something would have to be done to replenish her wardrobe without much delay, for, of course, all she had she was wearing—

no baggage having arrived with her on the spars.

He overtook her just as they reached the upper deck and he was bringing a chair to place it near her for himself when, as he set the chair down, he glanced up the dock and saw the messenger returning with the pilot that he had been sent to fetch.

"I had some things I wanted to discuss with you, Mary," said Remsen, "but I see that pilot approaching so I will have to ask you to excuse me instead and we will have our talk later," and he started for the dock again as Mary accepted his excuse.

It only took a few moments to close matters with the pilot, as, of course, salary and details had all been talked over at a previous interview.

The pilot was prepared to start immediately, so Remsen told him to go aboard and up to the pilot house and be prepared to start in a few moments.

Then he returned to where he had left Mary.

As he approached her she said, "Here comes the doctor and his wife down the dock now."

"That is true," said Remsen, "I recognize the doctor, so you will have to pardon me again," and Remsen started off briskly in order to reach the dock by the time they came alongside the boat.

As the carriage drew up Remsen took a few steps toward it, extending his hand to the doctor, profusely offering his thanks for the consideration and care given to Mary the night before (who, by the way, had followed Remsen down to the carriage as rapidly as she could and was now standing next to him).

The doctor, as soon as he could get a chance between Remsen's enthusiastic eulogies of their kindness and consideration, presented him to his wife.

Then, of course, Remsen immediately commenced

all over again assuring her, "You are a most wonderful woman with a charming, generous disposition, and, apparently, with a kindly feeling toward all, unsurpassed. It is an honor to know you and be able to count you as among my acquaintances, and I hope some day to change that last to friends."

Both the doctor and his wife protested that what they had done was nothing, perfectly simple, and no more than an ordinary, civilized person would do under similar circumstances, but Remsen insisted and assured them that they were most fortunate in finding a couple like them the first thing in their hour of need.

"Oh, sphaw!" exclaimed the doctor's wife, "you are making 'a mountain out of a mole hill.' It was nothing more than pastime, what I did for Miss Elsworth, and the pleasure of helping her fully compensated me for it all."

Then Mary spoke for the first time. "It is very nice of you to speak so, but, nevertheless, I cannot help but feel that it was very extraordinary for you to go to such lengths and pains to render me such rare and exceptional care throughout the entire night, as is only usually found with the solicitude of one's own mother, and I can assure you that I am particularly grateful for it, coming, as it did, at the time when I needed most woefully the loving care of a dear mother."

"Then, child," exclaimed the doctor's wife, "I am glad any way that whatever I did, be it little or much, turned out so successfully and was pleasing to you."

"Well, I guess we must be moving along," said the doctor, "I have my calls to make and I still have

a few patients ill enough, I suppose, to be anxious for me to be on time, so good bye. I hope you have a very pleasant trip up the river."

"Thank you, doctor," said Remsen, "but wait a bit, we have not settled yet. How much do I owe you?"

"Oh, you must not pay him," broke in Mary, "I will attend to that."

Remsen turned, looked at her with a smile.

"What are you going to attend to it with?" he asked as he drew a roll of bills from his pocket.

She looked up at him for several minutes in a helpless sort of fashion, and then, assumed a rather dejected attitude.

"I guess I don't know," she replied at last. "I have not anything in the world, have I?"

The doctor laughed a little and remarked, "Oh, come! Don't look so serious. It seems to me you are a most fortunate young lady. You have just been saved from death by drowning by a piece, to my mind, of extraordinarily good fortune and rescued, at that, by an old friend of your fathers, in whom you know he placed a great deal of confidence."

"It strikes me that if I were you I would not worry a great deal about my belongings or my future, if fortune had thrown me into the care of such an excellent guardian."

"Yes," said the doctor's wife, "it seems inevitable, you have no other choice, my dear."

Then Mary bid them good bye and walked slowly to the boat, while Remsen and the doctor speedily came to terms and settled the account satisfactorily, after which Remsen shook hands with them both, thanked them profusely again, parted with them, exchanging the usual salutations, and after having

watched them depart on their way up the dock, waved his hat to them, then turned and went aboard the "Potter," giving orders as he did so to get under way.

For a while, therefore, he was occupied with superintending the work of getting clear of the dock, out into the stream, but as soon as the boat was headed on her course up the river it occurred to him that he had better look up Mary and see what had become of her.

After he had discovered her whereabouts and satisfied himself that she was comfortable it was his intention then to proceed to the pilot house and observe the skill and ability of the new man at the wheel.

Therefore, he ascended the stairway to the upper deck and looking here and there, at last poked his head out of one of the saloon doors and saw Mary standing by the rail with her shoulder leaning against a stanchion.

He was about to speak, but refrained as he saw her, apparently, brush a tear from her cheek with her handkerchief, which latter he now observed for the first time, in her hand.

He could see that she was crying grievously, though silently, tears flooding her eyes until they occasionally overflowed, big tears rolling down her cheeks every now and then, which she would wipe away with her handkerchief, or when they would come too fast, shake them off with a quick toss of her head.

Remsen could fully appreciate her feelings, and after thinking it over thoroughly decided that he would be doing her the greatest favor by withdrawing quietly and leaving her alone with her thoughts for a time.

He went directly to the pilot house deciding to stop and talk with Mary on his return instead of on his way up, as was his first intention.

As soon as he was in the pilot house he looked about and found that they had already made quite a little distance up the river from their starting point and the "Potter" was now pushing forward under full speed. They were fairly straightened away on their course.

Remsen did not say a great deal to the pilot, not wishing to distract his attention from his work in hand. He also preferred to observe and note results in order to gauge his knowledge, reserving comment or criticisms until later.

The boat had made ten or twelve miles up the stream when Remsen concluding that Mary must be over her temporary spell of grief by this time, and everything going well, apparently, so far as the handling of the boat was concerned, Remsen started below, as there were several rather important matters that he felt should be settled, after discussing with Mary, before reaching Augusta and he was particularly anxious to have it over with, as it seemed to him an unpleasant but necessary duty he was compelled to perform.

Returning to the spot where he saw Mary last he found her, but instead of standing this time she was seated on a camp chair by the rail.

He, therefore, brought another and placed it nearby her, then seated himself.

"Well, Mary," he commenced, "how are you feeling now?"

"Oh, all right!" she replied, lackadaisically. "Why do you ask?"

"Because when I observed you last you seemed to be crying."

"Oh!" she said, "did you see me? "I did not know any one was about."

"Yes, I was crying and I do not want to go back to the thoughts again. It makes me very sad when I think of the tragic end of my poor father and the loss of all that I had in the world and held dear. The poor old "Mary Frances" that had been my home for so many years and that always, until this last fatal storm, had proven a true friend.

"What precipitated my grief though at that particular moment was the discovery on my part of my extremely needy and, at the same time, absolutely helpless condition, which had not occurred to me until I was forced to realize it by your coming forward to settle with the doctor and his remarks."

"Even comparative strangers observe how absolutely I am without relatives or resources, and even further, that the only friend in the world that I appear to have left is you."

"Well," said Remsen, "is it possible that your realization that I am your friend is sufficient to force you to tears?"

"Oh, no! not that," she replied, quickly, "but you know what I mean. Surely you can appreciate how I feel."

"Yes, yes," said Remsen, "I know. I was only joking, and all that you have just said assists me greatly in coming to the subject which I had in mind and which I feel must be discussed without delay, in order to straighten matters out."

"Yes," said Mary, "I have realized that too."

"Now," continued Remsen, "since it is recognized by both of us there is no one who you can turn to but me, it is, therefore, my bounden duty to assume the responsibilities that have been thrust upon me by Providence, in consequence of my appointment

by the same power as your Guardian," and Remsen smiled, "as so happily suggested by the good doctor."

"Yes," acquiesced Mary, and she had to smile mischievously, "but I trust, 'Guardy' (how do you like your new name?); that the weight of your new responsibilities and obligations will not bring the silver to your locks though that would have a tendency to make you look the part better than you do at present."

"I am glad to see that bewitching smile of yours, Mary, otherwise I would consider that you were not in fun, and I should hate to feel right at the start that I was not going to be able to inspire proper respect in, and command obedience of, my ward—but, all joking aside, the dress you have on, which I believe is the only one you have, is somewhat misshapen and awry in consequence of the soaking you had, which, of course, you undoubtedly know. It strikes me, therefore, that you will have to do some shopping as soon as you arrive in Augusta.

"And particularly on that account some arrangements must be made to provide a suitable home for you as quickly as possible.

"In thinking this problem over it came to my mind that when I was a youngster and my father had married my stepmother, I was 'packed off' to boarding school as the best solution for me as it was not healthy for me at home.

"Now, the present situation, of course, is not brought about by your being unwelcome at home, but because, unfortunately, no home exists at all.

"However, this line of thought reminded me of a girls' seminary a door or two from where I boarded temporarily at the place up the Hudson River where I bought the "Potter," of which people there spoke

very highly, and, as you have not had the advantages of school since you were compelled to go to sea with your father, I concluded that it might be a good scheme for me to write to Mrs. Perkins, principal of the school, in regard to making arrangements to have you spend the balance of the school year with her, in the hopes that by the time school closed in June matters would shape themselves so that better provision could be made for your future thereafter."

Remsen waited a moment to hear what Mary had to say, but she only looked at him, apparently thinking deeply, but did not answer.

"Well, what do you think of the program I have just mapped out?" asked Remsen, in an effort to draw out her opinion.

"I can think of no better way to suggest, but I was wondering—have I got to go away up there alone, or will you take me North? It does seem that everything lately tends to force my absolute loneliness upon me. It appears that I cannot even stay near you, even after it has been absolutely proven to me that you are the only friend I have and that I am without relatives."

"Oh, I don't know just about that yet," answered Remsen. "I first thought I would find out how you fell in with the suggestion. It will be easy enough to provide a satisfactory way to get you up there. Of course you can depend upon me to see to that and don't fuss about it," added Remsen, "because it will be at least ten days before we can get an answer from Mrs. Perkins."

"Very well, I will not," she promised. "I will just depend upon you, 'Guardy,' and whatever you decide I am sure will be absolutely right and the best for me."

Remsen looked at her and, at the same time, he seemed to see the cabin of the "Mary Frances" and to hear over his shoulder Mary saying, "I don't want you to go," and for a moment he was consumed with a desire to do it again, but happily second thoughts restrained him. It occurred to him that possibly to do such a thing just now, under the peculiar circumstances, and just after the subject they had been discussing, Mary might misconstrue his meaning and he would not offend her for the world.

He stood up and said simply, instead, "I sincerely trust, Mary, that I shall always prove worthy of your confidence, and now, if you will excuse me for a few moments, I will look over the boat and give a little attention to real business."

CHAPTER XX

DESTINATION

It was now well along in the afternoon, Mary having eaten her noon meal in the main saloon where Remsen had ordered it served for her, and now evidently he had been neglecting business too long as he found many things that needed his attention. There were also many questions put to him on deck and in the engine room for settlement, to some of which he had to give considerable thought before making a decision.

He was, therefore, still busily occupied when told that supper was ready.

As soon as he had cleaned up a bit he went immediately and arranged to have Mary's supper prepared, and then took it himself to the saloon, advising her on the way that it was time to eat.

When he had placed it on a table and saw that everything was there that she might require, he said, "I think everything is provided for you that you will want, and now I will go see what I can find for myself."

"You have not forgotten, have you," inquired Mary, "how lonely I said it was eating dinner alone? Don't you think you could manage to have your supper brought up here too?"

"Why, I dare say I could," replied Remsen, laughingly, "and I shall be delighted to eat it with you. Pardon me just a moment until I give the necessary orders."

Consequently they ate their supper together, in-

dulging in light conversation with occasional humor and laughter, and then, after Remsen had smoked his pipe for a while in accordance with his custom, he took advantage of the opportunity to write a letter to Mrs. Perkins at the school in Sing Sing, setting forth all of the circumstances in the case that were necessary to explain the situation satisfactorily, and asking her to advise by return mail if she could accommodate the new pupil and the rates.

In this way he had the letter finished and ready to post by the time they arrived at Augusta, which they did about ten o'clock in the evening, shortly after he had rejoined Mary on the upper deck.

As soon as a landing had been made, the lines and the gang plank out, Remsen turned to Mary saying, "Well, here we are! and now my first duty is to find temporary accommodations for you, so, if you will kindly accompany me, we will start out and see what we can discover."

Mary agreeing, Remsen left word where he was going and that he would be back shortly, they started up the dock and then on up to the hotel to which they were directed in response to their inquiries.

Remsen explained the peculiar circumstances of the situation at considerable length to the manager, for he was particularly desirous that conditions be thoroughly understood, and then inquired if he could leave Mary in the care of some one suitable for a few days until he could get a reply from the people North to whom he had written arranging to have Mary go to them.

After some discussion and further consideration arrangements were perfected whereby the house-keeper would look after her for the few days that she might have to remain there.

The proprietor sent for the housekeeper and explained to her all about it and then she went with Mary to the room which had been provided for her, at the same time Remsen took his leave for the night, promising to make inquiries on the morrow, and mailed his letter on the way back to the boat.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NEW ENTERPRISE

The next morning, Remsen having retained still the double crew with which he came down from New York, he set them to work putting the boat in condition.

All hands on deck were detailed to giving her a thin coat of paint to brighten her up.

Both forces in the engine room had all they needed to keep them busy taking up the lost motion of the machinery generally and keying up the main engine.

In the fire room there did not seem to be very much to do. The boiler appeared in very good condition, with the exception of one leaky tube in the furnace end which had to be re-expanded.

All this work consumed the best part of two weeks, during which time Remsen had made daily calls at the hotel and had arranged, the first time he called, for them to pay for any packages at the office that might be sent home from the stores as a result of Mary's shopping, and he deposited one hundred dollars with them to protect them against loss, in order that he might feel easy in his own mind that Mary would be caused no trouble or embarrassment in getting what she had to have immediately.

In talking with her on the subject it had been decided to get only just enough for her to make out until she reached New York where she could, un-

doubtedly, get the balance of her requirements to much better advantage.

Some days there were, however, when Remsen found it unnecessary to call at the hotel. Two or three times Mary had walked down to the dock to see what progress was being made with the overhauling of the boat.

Remsen having made arrangements for wharfage at Augusta similar to what he had done in this respect at Savannah and the boat now being nearly ready to start on her regular trips, he inserted an advertisement in the local papers and had some announcements printed and distributed setting forth that the side wheel steamer, "O. F. Potter" would make regular trips on the Savannah River, between Augusta and Savannah, as a night boat to carry cotton and to accommodate other general freight, leaving opposite ends of the run alternate evenings.

As a result of the publication of this news when the day finally arrived for the "Potter" to start on her first trip down the river and connect at Savannah with the sea-going steamships, freight commenced to arrive on the dock early in the forenoon, principally bales of cotton, and continued to up to the hour of departure.

Late in the afternoon, just before twilight, Mary ran down to the boat to have a look at all that was doing and was greatly surprised, and evidently delighted, judging from her manner, to witness the auspicious beginning of Remsen's new enterprise.

She could not, however, wait until the sailing time as she must, of course, be back at the hotel before dark, and, therefore had to wish Remsen a pleasant trip and safe return before all the freight was aboard.

She realized that in all probability she would be

somewhat lonely all the next day while the "Potter" was in Savannah.

A few moments before the hour to depart Remsen was reminded of the similarity of the "Potter" to the "Gray Jacket" as he stood on the dock viewing her, loaded with bale after bale of cotton to such an extent that it seemed there was no other freight aboard. All the main deck, and upper deck were packed solid and there were many more bales even on the standing roof over the upper deck and he thought cotton certainly was King to these people down South.

When they could not get it to market they were penniless, but when the facilities were provided to transport it for them, they had plenty of money.

The time having arrived Remsen went aboard and called up to the pilot to get under way.

One bell to the engine room and one whistle to cast off lines and the initial run of the "Potter" was commenced.

Upon arriving at Savannah, and after the unloading was well advanced along the latter part of the forenoon, Remsen betook himself up the street to the doctor's, as he was anxious to tell some one of how successfully his business enterprise had started and he knew no one else with whom he cared to discuss the matter in that city.

Arriving at the house the doctor's wife received him and by every indication was very glad to see him again, assuming that he was going to stay to dinner with them, thinking, apparently, it was entirely unnecessary to even ask the question and would not listen to his protestations that he would be needed at the boat.

He permitted himself to be persuaded, at last, especially because the doctor was out making his

calls and he would have to wait if he would see him, anyway.

When the doctor came home he had time for just a little conversation with him as to what he had been doing since he saw him last when dinner was ready and they all sat down together.

During the meal Remsen learned that the doctor had a son studying medicine at Columbia College in New York City intending to follow his father's footsteps.

Remsen expressed mild surprise at this news and made several inquiries as to the age of their son, his class at college, and if they were not lonely without him such a great portion of the year.

"Yes," they both assented, and then the doctor's wife announced, addressing herself more particularly to her husband, "I received a letter from him this morning, and speaking of missing him and seeing so little of him during the major part of the year, he urges me very enthusiastically to make a trip North for my fall shopping and promised a good time and to show me around."

"Well, now!" suggested the doctor, "why don't you take him up? You have been talking of it, that is going North, for several years, if that awful war would ever stop. Now, it is over and the boy evidently is taking you at your word. I don't see but that you will have to go."

"Well," she replied, "I certainly would like to, but there is the expense."

"Oh, never mind the expense," said the doctor, "I will take care of that and I will be glad to, so that you can enjoy the change."

"I will be very glad to go in that case," she responded.

Then the topic of conversation shifted and the

doctor eventually put the question, "I say, Remsen, what have you decided to do about Miss Elsworth?"

"Why, I have written to a most excellent boarding school I know of up in New York State and ought to have a reply by this time. She and I talked it over and decided that for the balance of the school year the best solution of the matter would be for her to go there.

"Bless me," exclaimed the doctor's wife, "why could not we go North together?"

"Why not, to be sure?" put in the doctor, while Remsen looked from one to the other and finally assented, "that would be fine, indeed!"

In the end it was settled that way and the date of sailing only depended upon the receipt of the letter from Mrs. Perkins.

Remsen hoped to be able to tell them the contents of it on his next trip down the river.

Remsen had to return to the boat as soon after the meal as he could politely get away, as he had neglected the supervision of the work too long already.

During the afternoon he laid off such men of the extra crew as he did not need any further and settled with them.

When he started up the river on the return trip these men, of course, remained behind in Savannah, most of them having taken passage on the steamer sailing the next day for New York.

Arriving at about eight o'clock the next morning at Augusta, and no freight having as yet hove in sight, Remsen started for the hotel to find out how Mary was making out, shortly after they made a landing.

On the way he inquired for mail at the general delivery at the post office, as he was not sure whether

letters addressed to him without any street address or definite directions, other than the name of the city, would reach him at the boat, especially as she had not been at her dock the day previous.

Nothing had arrived as yet so he left at the post office full directions what to do with his mail in the future. Then he proceeded to the hotel, arriving there about nine o'clock.

Mary was arrayed in a new gown which she had had made, and had been sent home by the dressmaker the night before, and, of course, she had plenty to tell Remsen as to the shopping she had been doing since he left and the progress she was making with her preparations to go North as soon as possible.

In return he surprised her greatly by acquainting her with his call at the doctor's and the information that he had taken a meal with them during which arrangements had developed for the doctor's wife to go North with her.

Mary immediately fell in with this idea, expressing her delight, saying, "I am so glad. It will be so much more proper that way than if you took me North, and I am so fond of her. She is so good to me, and, then, as a matter of fact, it was very fortunate that the only suitable person that we know anywhere hereabouts should be, just at this time, going North."

Considerable time had been taken up with these long explanations in all their details and the morning had almost slipped away when Remsen realized that he was, perhaps, overstaying the limit of propriety and departed.

That afternoon the all important and anxiously looked for letter was received by Remsen and it proved most satisfactory.

Mrs. Perkins' charges were most reasonable and

she had room to accommodate another pupil most fortunately. Her assurances too were very pleasing as to the care, attention, tuition and supervision which she would render.

This, then, made it necessary for Remsen to get word to Mary to get ready while he was on the trip down to Savannah and back, as she would in all probability have to go down with him on the next trip.

He, therefore, even though they were right in the middle of loading the freight, hurried to the hotel, saw Mary and told her that she would probably have to be in Savannah in time to sail North on the first steamer leaving for New York, after his next trip down the river.

He further said, "I will call at the doctor's tomorrow morning, advise them of the letter from Mrs. Perkins being entirely satisfactory and arrange for accommodations on the next steamer leaving Savannah, providing the doctor's wife can arrange her matters rapidly enough to be ready by that time, and, now having told you this, I must hurry back for I have little time left before sailing hour," and away he went again.

The next day in Savannah it was all arranged satisfactorily for the doctor's wife and Mary to catch the steamer sailing two days later and Remsen attended to making the necessary reservations.

The routine having been followed necessary to this end by the "Potter" returning to Augusta and Mary coming down the river with her the next night, having had little sleep, refusing to utilize one of the staterooms, taking merely a nap occasionally on one of the settees in the saloon, arrived early in the day in Savannah, and went with Remsen to the doctor's. After eating they went to the steamer,

all four of them, including the doctor and Remsen.

Having gone aboard the steward had assigned them to their stateroom and their seats at the table and the stewardess had shown them to the stateroom where Remsen deposited Mary's satchel and shawl strap, which he had been carrying for her, and the doctor put down the hand baggage belonging to his wife, then they all returned to the deck outside of the saloon and were carrying on the usual form of conversation prevalent previous to steamers' departing with friends, when the signal sounded, "All aboard!" which also was the signal for all those not going to go ashore.

They both bid the doctor's wife bon voyage and goodbye, then Remsen turned to Mary and did likewise.

Then she took his other hand and said, "Goodbye! always, ever, and eternally, Goodbye! Is it going to be always this way with us, do you think? It seems to me that our entire existence since we first met has been punctuated with 'Goodbyes'."

Remsen pressed her hands and looked down at her while he assured her, "I don't think so. I hope most sincerely to be able to make suitable arrangements whereby such a necessity will be obviated hereafter, by the time vacation days are here. We must hurry now, though, we have got to get below and get ashore, as I see they are starting to get in one of the gang planks now."

The two men hurriedly said goodbye again and the doctor started to go, Remsen too, but at the same moment Mary held her face up to him so he stopped long enough to kiss her goodbye, then flew.

They barely got on the dock when the last gang plank was hauled in and the whistle sounded one blast, which means, "Lines off," then the propeller

commenced to revolve and the steamer moved down stream, while the two men left behind stood on the dock waving to the two women on the deck of the steamer who were waving to them.

CHAPTER XXII

A HOLIDAY HOUSE PARTY

Mary managed to make the trip from New York City to Sing Sing on the train alone and arrived at Mrs. Perkins' seminary without difficulty or delay.

Just as soon as she had been announced to the principal of the school, and after more or less conversation, she was shown to the room assigned to her and introduced to her room mate with whom she would share quarters.

Mabel Van Nostrand impressed Mary very favorably immediately, and as she greeted her, acknowledging the introduction, she felt sure that they were bound to become good friends.

At the first opportunity, as soon as she was alone, she now sat down at the desk and with pen and ink dated a sheet of letter paper, "Sing Sing, New York," and proceeded to write—

"Dear Guardy:

Do you realize that this is the first time that I have ever written to you in all the years that I have known you, even though we have been together very little during that time?

Never before have I ever been in possession of any specific address where a letter would reach you.

It seems at last as though you, at least, had succeeded in locating permanently.

To be sure I have a definite address too now, but only a temporary one, as usual."

Then she proceeded to relate all the details of her trip north and her arrival at school and then gave her opinion of the place and the people, ending by urging Remsen to write very soon.

A good portion of her time after that until the holidays, which was not such a very long period, was occupied by study, as, of course, there was a period in the evening after supper until nine o'clock for all the scholars boarding at the seminary in which to get the next day's work out in addition to the hours that had to be consumed in actual sessions of the seminary.

From three to six o'clock in the afternoon the girls had to themselves, and, although it was a little late, they went out in the country chestnutting several times, and even later on took many a tramp through the woods.

As winter approached freezing weather occurred several times which produced good skating, even the Hudson froze partly over.

Mary and the other girls in the school became very well acquainted and she and Mabel Van Nostrand gradually became even better friends, until risking confidences Mary had told her quite a little of her life and experiences.

All of this impressed Mabel a great deal, she being a girl who had always been reared at home, never having gone beyond the influence and protection of her family, and she thought that it was all most wonderful that a girl Mary's age had traveled so far and wide and passed through such extraordinary and exciting events.

In fact all of Mary's story impressed Mabel so deeply that more or less of it reached Mabel's home and family in her letters, first one incident and then

another being transmitted in her various communications.

By the time Christmas was near at hand and the facts having been transmitted concerning Mary's absolute solitude, her being a complete orphan as a result of such tragic events and without any home where she could go during vacation throughout the school year, Mrs. Van Nostrand had written to her daughter suggesting that since she spoke so highly of the personality of her school mate that they would be very glad to have her bring her home to them for the holidays.

Upon Mabel receiving this letter she was delighted and jumped up and down with joy. She imparted the good news and tendered the invitation to Mary, at the same time placing her arm around Mary, exclaimed, "How jolly it will be to have you home with us enjoying the merry time of Christmas and New Years."

Mary smiled and was pleased, but a little diffident at first about going to strange people, in a strange home, to visit, but it only needed a little persuasion to induce her to accept and before twenty-four hours had rolled around Mabel was able to reply to her mother, advising her to expect Mary to arrive with her when she reached home for Christmas.

Then Mabel commenced to narrate to Mary what wonderful possibilities there were for them to have a jolly good time. She told her all about the place, the house where they lived, a little way out from Brooklyn on Long Island, described her mother and father and finally her big brother, of whom, apparently, she was extremely proud, for Mary was quite convinced that she exaggerated his abilities, his looks and most everything concerning him, but she overlooked it, because she admired

her chum's filial affection which she considered only right and proper.

Then Mabel went on to tell about the stable and the horses and asked Mary if she knew how to ride. If she liked sleighriding, and then she hoped there would be snow while they were home, and, goodness knows, what all, apparently, was not to be done to enjoy life during that two weeks' vacation.

Of course, during all that time Mary had several letters from Rensen and she had written him advising him how she was progressing in school and also of her intended visit to the Van Nostrands on Long Island, that she would probably be there two weeks, and that she would hope to hear from him during that time at the new address.

Several times Rensen had made remittances to Mrs. Perkins requesting her to see that Mary had all that was necessary and to enable proper provision to be made for her.

Therefore, by this time Mary had such a wardrobe and was otherwise equipped as to make an ordinarily favorable appearance. While she did not have more perhaps than was necessary she was a little better provided with such things than she had ever been before, but more particularly, perhaps, on account of being near New York permanently where things were constantly available.

When it became time for all the pupils to start for their various homes, vacation being at hand, Mrs. Perkins, after deducting the amount due her for tuition and board, handed Mary what money there was left, after having paid for the various purchases, of Rensen's remittances so that she would have cash in hand to meet the expenses of her transportation charges, and pocket money while visiting.

It never quite pleased Mary to feel that her only source of revenue was Remsen, and yet, still, he was always generous and kind, thoughtful and, above all, considerate, she had to admit.

He always seemed to find some way to keep her well supplied with money without offering or giving anything to her personally.

After all, he was good to her and what would she do without him? Mercy! she thought, suppose his old boat scheme had not been a success and he had not made money, then what would I have done? I would not have had a chance to feel unpleasant. I would have had to go without.

The day arrived eventually when, amid bustle and hustle, some of the girls taking trains north bound and others trains in the opposite direction, they all got away for their homes.

Among them, of course, was Mary and Mabel who went to New York, then crossed over to Long Island City and took a train for a little place called Rockville Center.

All the way the girls kept up a continual chatter, during which Mary learned some more about that big brother of Mabel's.

It seemed that he had graduated the previous June from West Point and had only recently been commissioned an officer of the United States Army and was now expected home for the first time, since he had been detailed to a post, for the week from Christmas to New Years, and so Mabel hoped that Mary would have a chance to meet him and she also added, "I hope you will like him and find him all that I have said," and continued impulsively, "I hope you will both like each other."

When they arrived at Rockville Center a team with a carryall was at the depot to meet them and

after their hand bags and shawl straps were put up in front and the girls climbed into the rear seat, the horses were started up and away they sped over the country road, out to the Van Nostrand place.

The days were short at this time of the year in this latitude and as it was very late in the afternoon by the time they got to the house, the sun had just set and it was the beginning of twilight.

As they drove into the place and gradually wound up the roadway and they approached the house Mary observed that it was one of those old-fashioned houses of Long Island colonial architecture, to which, apparently, new portions had been added from time to time, or possibly one generation and another built on, which formed a long, low, rambling structure of various levels, with the roof wonderfully broken up with dormers and gables. Here and there were little side doors and porches, bay windows over which ran vines that in the summer time might prove to be climbing rose bushes.

She knew before she ever reached the house that there must be several large old-fashioned fire places within and she was thoroughly convinced that warm, cheery wood fires and shaded lights would be the setting into which she would be ushered by old family servants, to be received by Mabel's immediate relatives, who must surely be charming people of old school refinement.

When they arrived at the porch the half door was flung wide and the red glow from within, which shot out across the driveway, proved to Mary's satisfaction that her expectations were about to be fulfilled.

This was particularly true when she observed the gray-haired butler holding the door open, as a gentleman stepped forward to help them out of the

carriage, while a middle-aged woman, well dressed, and of pleasing manner, remained in the doorway to receive them a moment later. Of course, Mary knew this was Mr. and Mrs. Van Nostrand.

The next moment they were all inside removing their gloves by a table in front of a blazing wood fire, while the butler had taken their effects above stairs.

Mary had been received with open arms. She could not see that there was any partiality shown between herself and their own daughter by Mabel's parents; she loved them immediately.

In a little while the girls were sent off to their rooms to prepare for dinner and Mabel was told to look after Mary's wants and comfort.

After they had gone upstairs they met a middle-aged woman with iron gray hair passing through the hall, who stopped and greeted Mabel, saying that she was very glad to see her home again for the holidays.

Mabel turned and explained, "This is the house-keeper, Miss Elsworth, who formerly was the nurse to us children and we call her 'Nan'. She is really one of the family and I am quite sure that she will be very glad to do anything in the world for you that she can while you are here so if you need any assistance you will know where to look for it."

Then Nan, having assured Mary that she would drop in a little later and see if she could assist her in any way in dressing for dinner, passed on.

Mary having been shown the room that had been reserved for her, Mabel left her with a few casual remarks in order to go and attend to her own toilet, after she had made sure that everything was provided in the room given to Mary that she would be likely to need.

Mary, thus having been left alone, looked about the room and decided that this indeed was a worthy home, and, judging from what she observed and what she had seen below stairs, including the draperies, rich furnishings, number of servants and all, that the family of Van Nostrand was well provided with worldly goods and they had every appearance of being well-to-do, extraordinarily so.

A knock sounded after a bit and it proved to be the housekeeper who had come as promised to see if she could be of any assistance, and while she helped a little here and there, one way and another, she entertained Mary with odd remarks at intervals concerning her length of service in the family, how much she thought of them all, and little incidents connected with her care of the son and daughter of the house when they were mere infants.

She seemed to be particularly fond of the boy, in fact from her testimony he seemed to be the idol of the whole family.

Mary decided that he must be a most extraordinary young man, indeed, if one were to judge by what every one seemed to say of him.

From further remarks it was learned that he was expected home in time for dinner that evening, in fact he was late.

The door opened slightly and Mabel's face appeared, then she stepped into the room, finding that Mary was about ready to descend to the drawing room.

Nan had made the last finishing touches but a moment before and was lingering a little to finish what she was saying, but the entrance of Miss Van Nostrand caused an interruption and the housekeeper discreetly withdrew.

The girls then patted their hair in one or two

places, looked in the mirror and observed themselves first on the right side and then on the left, then touched their hair in one or two more places before the glass without making any alterations in the arrangement whatever, and decided that they were ready.

Together they went down stairs, and talking in subdued voices to each other, they crossed the hall and Mabel drew back the hangings at the entrance to the large room where Mary had been originally received, but, Mary, instead of passing directly into the room as she intended, hesitated on the threshold.

There was some one in the room she had never seen before.

Standing with his back to the open fire, drawing his gloves off, stood what seemed the most handsome and most perfect piece of manhood Mary had ever seen.

To be sure she had known but few men in her lifetime, but she had traveled far in her day and had seen many men, in many climes, of all kinds.

Mabel still holding the curtain aside at first wondered why Mary stopped.

Then her curiosity being aroused she looked around the curtain and darted into the room, exclaiming, "Why, Craig! I am so glad to see you. When did you come in? I did not know you had arrived."

"Just this moment came from the station," he replied, "and I am glad to see you too, Sis. How are you? It is good to be home again. I am not so dead sure that I like this being away at army posts as much as I thought I would, after having been brought up so much at home in my younger days."

"Oh!" as she turned, "excuse me, Mary, for the moment I must confess I forgot. Miss Elsworth this is my brother of whom you have heard me speak, Craig," and then turning to her brother, added, "and Craig, Mary, you know, is my room mate at school and she is a dear, of whom I am very fond."

As Mary acknowledged the introduction she was all the time thinking to herself how handsome he was and how envious she was of his hair, and particularly how well that uniform fitted his wonderful physique.

At that moment Mr. and Mrs. Van Nostrand entered the room and for quite a few moments their meeting with their son interrupted all other conversation and finally his father suggested that dinner would be served very shortly and perhaps it would be as well if he made himself ready.

Then the butler announced dinner and as soon as Craig returned they all went in.

It being Christmas Eve the conversation during dinner was light and jolly. Every one making guesses as to what they were going to get, and as to what was in the different packages that had been arriving and those that had been brought by the different ones coming home for the holidays.

After the meal was over the evening was spent getting the decorations up about the rooms and putting green wreaths in the windows and doors, all the while the general trend of conversation continued concerning topics connected with the merry yuletide.

Mary listened to it all, but had little to say. What part in such a conversation could she take? She had no reason to expect a present from any one. She had not a relative in the world, nor a friend,

except those present, and Remsen, from whom to even expect so much as a wish that she might have a merry time.

None of the packages received so far from any source were for her and, therefore, she had no answer to make or guesses as to the contents, as the others had been doing, in connection with parcels marked for them.

Later in the evening when the decorations were about completed the tree was brought in and set up and when that had been profusely decorated it was time to retire, so amid merry chatter the family party broke up and they all went upstairs to their various rooms.

The next day proved to be a green Christmas, there was no prospect of snow, so the usual pastimes of such a day had to be foregone. After breakfast, after the presents had been distributed and opened, several little remembrances having been provided for Mary by different members of the family, unexpectedly to her, attention was centered upon deciding what to do.

The majority of the three younger people seemed to favor a horseback ride.

Mary, however, was the minority, she having to admit that she could keep her feet in a seaway much better than she could keep her seat in the saddle.

"You are inclined toward the water, then?" inquired Craig?

"Well," replied Mary, "I don't know as I am inclined particularly in that direction, but I have spent a great deal of my time on the ocean and circumstances have forced me to become familiar with the conditions on ship board, and those same conditions have had a tendency to keep me away

from land and the sports that people enjoy on shore, naturally. I simply have had the opportunity in one case and have been denied it in the other."

"Then let me teach you," said Craig. "It would be a pleasure."

"Yes, let him," said his sister. "It will not take him long, having been a 'West Pointer' he is quite an expert equestrian."

They all got ready and when the horses were brought around Craig helped his sister into the saddle and she started off for a short spin, saying, "I will come back every now and then and see how your pupil improves."

Then Craig assisted Mary onto her horse and mounted his own and the lessons began, first at a walk, gradually breaking into short trots at intervals.

The lessons, of course, were given only in the private driveway on the place and, therefore, Mary had ridden quite a little distance without getting far from home by the time the first lesson was over and she had accomplished quite a good deal that morning, having become sufficiently proficient to ride in a canter very creditably, but the trot was still somewhat of a problem, when at last they dismounted at the entrance to the house and the horses were taken in charge by the groom.

Craig, apparently, became greatly interested in teaching Mary to ride and the morning lessons became a daily institution.

About the third or fourth lesson Mary had improved sufficiently to warrant an extended canter, quite a little distance across country.

Later, toward the latter part of the week, Craig insisted upon advancing her to "high school" and

commenced by teaching her to take one bar of a fence and then two.

He waxed very enthusiastic over Mary's ability to grasp equestrianism so rapidly and declared that she took to it "like a duck to water," all of which he said seemed to be all the more extraordinary considering that she had previously paid more attention to the sea than to horses.

Of course, during all these rides there were opportunities and it was very evident that both of them looked forward to their rides each day with a great deal of pleasure, equally apparent it was that they always returned home in radiant spirits in consequence of, no doubt, the exercise in the fresh air stimulating them and sending the blood through their veins. What, in fact, is more exhilarating or invigorating than a good canter on the back of a good saddle horse of a clear winter morning?

At last New Years was at hand and they all woke up the morning before to find the ground six inches deep with snow, and it was still snowing.

Which was received with delight and sleighriding became the order of the day.

There was a little pang, apparently, however, on Craig's part which he expressed to Mary in these words.

"This being my last day home I was sorry that it snowed, inasmuch as you need just one more lesson to complete your tuition and enable you to take a four-rail fence. Four rails was to be your effort this time."

Mary answered, "Why is today your last? Why can't you remain home over the holiday?"

"I have to report to the post day after tomorrow morning, and it is quite some distance from here, consequently I have to arise with the chickens in

the morning and get away on the earliest train, long before you will be awake. When I say good night to you, therefore, when we retire, it will also be goodbye, for a time, at least."

No further opportunity for continued conversation was possible on account of the sleigh driving around and everybody being called to climb in. It was a big one, that accommodated them all, with lots of fur robes and the coachman driving a team.

During the ride Mrs. Van Nostrand told them that she had invited several acquaintances in the neighborhood to spend the evening and have a little supper at midnight to see the old year out, which news met with general approval, as they had heard of no arrangement having been made and fear was entertained that they might be expected to retire early.

They arrived home with red cheeks, noses and ears from the crisp wind, full of laughter and in good spirits.

The open fires felt good and seemed to lure them to remain near, and most every one seemed quite contented with the change that they had had that day.

The afternoon was spent rather quietly, Mr. and Mrs. Van Nostrand were reading; Mabel entertained herself part of the time roasting chestnuts while Craig occupied his time in one place and another entertaining Mary subject, of course, to several interruptions which he broke away from at the first opportunity offered.

Later they had dressed for dinner and the meal had been over quite a little time, the guests, which were expected, had arrived and the evening had been spent playing cards, and also by Mrs. Van Nostrand playing and singing very admirably for the pleasure

of her friends. Mrs. Van Nostrand still had a very pretty contralto voice.

About quarter of twelve Mr. Van Nostrand called attention to the time and suggested that they all go in to supper and there be prepared for the "witching hour."

The dining room was a long, large affair with paneled ceiling and walls and a wonderful large open fire place with a Dutch oven and an old iron crane, giving it the appearance of having been constructed a hundred years ago or more, which, undoubtedly, it had been, for this part of the house, so it was said, was fully two hundred years old.

Opposite to this fire place was a large bay window, looking out over the grounds. Across this bay window hung heavy velour draperies, as was also the case where they had entered through the folding doors.

When they had all been seated at the table it so happened that Mary and Craig both were seated on the side of the table next to the bay window.

They had progressed well through the supper when the tall clock out on the stairs chimed and then made twelve distinct strokes.

Mr. Van Nostrand tapped on his glass with his knife and said, "Listen!"

The hum of conversation instantly ceased and a stillness pervaded the room for a moment and then they could hear church bells ringing and whistles blowing somewhere.

They all arose then and touched glasses, renewed allegiance to one another as friends and, led by Mrs. Van Nostrand, they all sang "Auld Lang Syne."

After they had sung other friendship songs started or suggested by one and another, Mary, growing

a little tired of this, idly turned and walked toward the bay window, parted the curtains and looked through.

Craig stepped after her and she turned and said to him, over her shoulder, "What a perfect night! Just as clear as a bell, and look at that full moon, so clear cut, in a sky without a cloud."

"Yes, it is a beautiful night," agreed Craig, as he lifted one of the curtains aside further to see better, "and what a myriad of stars," he added, and stepped through the curtain—Mary unconsciously followed suit.

They both stepped close to the glass and looked at the scene, the brightness, the scintillating snow, the trees, all covered with it, the whole scene was tinselled with silver and flooded with moonlight.

Mary looked up at Craig and asked, "Where are the fairies?"

"We must be a little late, possibly they only remained while the clock chimed twelve."

Then after a few moments of silence he turned and continued, "I only learned today your wonderful life's story. I never knew, Mary, until Sis told me, that you were such a complete orphan, or why you had been at sea as much as you claim, and also it was only this afternoon that I heard of your father's tragic end, the fact which resulted forever in your being without a relative on earth, practically friendless and homeless. Why, Mary, I am awfully sorry. It is a terrible thing. I hope from now out, sincerely, that it will be different, that never again you will consider yourself, or be considered, as friendless. I am sure that my sister will be your friend always and I sincerely hope that I may count myself just as lucky."

"Why, indeed, you may," replied Mary, "I shall

hope that you will always be my friend as long as we live. You can depend upon my friendship forever."

Thus considering he had received some encouragement he became a little bolder, reminding Mary, "I told you I was sorry and, you know, Mary, sorrow is engendered frequently by pity, and, undoubtedly, you have heard the synonym for that."

Here Mary looked up at him with wide open eyes, questioningly, which look he observed and read, then exclaimed, "Pity, you know, is akin to love," and he let one arm slip slowly around Mary.

"Oh, no, no, not that," cried Mary, as she pushed him gently but firmly from her.

"Why not that?" questioned Craig, as he stood back and looked at her with somewhat of a chagrined expression on his face.

"Oh, not but that I think a great deal of you, Craig, value your friendship highly, but, as I said, I hope that we shall be friends as long as we live, the best of friends, but it is impossible for me to accept you in any other light."

"Why impossible? As we have just been saying you have no relations to object or to be in the way and prove an obstacle. Not even friends who could interfere."

"Oh," said Mary, "it is just there; I have one friend."

"Ah," said Craig eloquently.

"Yes," replied Mary, "there is one friend I have down South that I would not hurt for all the world."

"Umph, one of those rebels, undoubtedly."

"Rebel!" almost shouted Mary. "Far from it. Anything but a rebel."

"Pardon me, said Craig, but I could not conceive

of anything else down South when the war has but recently ended. You will see that it, naturally, makes me wonder who, in that locality, this most exceptional friend can be."

"Would you know?" asked Mary. "Perhaps, under the circumstances a more lucid explanation may be your due. I will tell you—listen."

"Years ago, when I was a child, he became acquainted with my father, afterwards becoming acquainted with me. This acquaintance grew into a friendship which endured. He eventually proved himself the best friend my father and I had."

"Then he joined the Northern forces and went to battle to help maintain the Union, 'one and indivisible,' taking the place of my big brother, which I never had, and after he had gone he grew to be a hero to me, always succeeding in his undertakings and winning in his battles; always brave, never a coward, and above all never shirking his duty as he saw it; he was all these things and then chance, through an accident, made him my rescuer, benefactor and guardian, and," here she paused as if to give force to what she was about to say, then continued with emphasis, "now he is *all the world to me*."

Craig looked at her in silence for perhaps two minutes while his breath came and went rather pronouncedly; he seemed unable to speak, then he bowed low, lifted her hand reverently, kissed her finger tips and then held back the curtain while she walked through.

The room was deserted.

As they passed through the dining room the rich dulcet tones of Mrs. Van Nostrand's contralto voice reached them—

“Backward, turn backward,
Oh time in your flight,
Make me a child again,
Just for tonight.”

Mary and Craig hesitated, listening, as they reached the hall and waited until Mrs. Van Nostrand had finished before entering the other room not wishing to interrupt.

When they did so the rest of the company were in the act of praising and complimenting Mrs. Van Nostrand's ability.

As they entered the room a chorus greeted them, “Where have you two been?” “We could not imagine what became of you.” “None of us saw you go,” and other similiar expressions, to which Mary very sweetly replied. “We stood right by the window admiring the moonlight on the snow. It is a veritable fairy land tonight.”

A few more words were exchanged then the neighbors took their departure.

As soon as they had all gone the household retired for the night.

The next morning there were only four at breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Van Nostrand, Mabel and Mary.

Mary took up a letter lying at her place at the table, and as she did so Mr. Van Nostrand apologized, explaining, “I got that letter for you at the post office yesterday afternoon and in the hurry of getting dressed for the evening, when I came back to the house, I forgot all about it and it remained in my pocket over night. I hope the slight delay will cause no inconvenience.”

Mary assured him, “Oh, I think not. I have no matters of grave importance pending, but, if I may

have your permission, I will open it immediately and then I will be able to give positive assurances that no damage has been done."

Receiving their permission Mary tore open the envelope and read the letter, which was from Remsen, asking if she had received the flowers which he had ordered a florist in New York to send her for Christmas, admitting that he fully realized the smallness of the gift, but defending his action in selecting such by setting forth his conviction that he did not feel justified under existing conditions in sending her anything with much value, but assuring her that he simply had to let her know that his thoughts were with her on Christmas Day.

He ended by saying how impossible it was to get anything of the kind worthy of the name down South, and, therefore, he sent his order to New York.

Then he added his hopes that she had enjoyed a very pleasant visit and had an awfully good time over the holidays, and also a few words about how he was making out and the success of his business venture.

Mary then made the rest of them acquainted with the contents of the letter expressing her surprise at having received nothing and her wonderment as to what had become of the flowers.

At the same time she felt considerably relieved and quite a little elated to discover that she had not been forgotten as it had seemed.

Mr. Van Nostrand offered immediately to make inquiries at the various possible places for the missing flowers, and finishing his breakfast started forth, notwithstanding the fact that it was a holiday, as he was acquainted with the residences of the post master and others and proposed, if necessary, to

follow the matter up by calling at their homes.

In the course of a couple of hours he returned with a long box, wrapped in paper, under his arm, and a smile of victory upon his face.

He was met at the door by Mrs. Van Nostrand and the two girls and bombarded with inquiries.

It seemed that the florist had addressed the package simply to Miss Elsworth, Rockeville Center, without putting it in care of her host, whether by omission on his own part or Remsen's failure to so instruct, of course, was not known.

In consequence the package was not delivered, as Miss Elsworth, or her whereabouts, were unknown at the office until Mr. Van Nostrand made inquiry, when the man very kindly offered to go down and open up the office and in that way deliver the package.

It was now placed on the table, unwrapped and the lid of the box removed. Observed by all present.

It contained a couple of dozen faded roses.

Mary looked at them, then looked up at the rest of those standing around. The silence was eloquent.

Then Mary gathered the faded flowers together in her two hands and lifted the buds gently, even as the petals fell, almost out of the box. Then as her mind conjured the fair scenes of the night before and the recollections of the conversation in the bay window recurred to her she buried her face in the withered flowers and thought—I am glad—glad—glad. I am so glad. Glad because my idol has not "Clay feet."

CHAPTER XXIII

HOME, AT LAST

All these months while Mary was at school in the North, Remsen would have been even more lonely than he was if business had not been so good, but the elation of success, the making of money and the vindication of one's decision on an important matter, resulting in proving his judgment good, made up to some extent for the absence of Mary.

This was especially so as he felt that all he was doing was as much for Mary as for himself, in fact it was Mary's constant need and the necessity of providing for it that spurred him on in his efforts.

Of course, he missed her terribly and if he could have had his own way, just as he preferred, she would not have been away from him, but the case being as it was his first and constant endeavor was to make the absence as short as possible.

Then again, an active business, of necessity, occupied so much of his time and consideration that the weeks and months passed rapidly and left him only a few hours each day at his disposal for personal thoughts.

He was making money, quite a little of it, rapidly and he was prudent and fully realized that he must lay the bulk of it by for he knew that his monopoly of this river route would last but a year or two at the longest; only until the railroads paralleling the river were in operation again.

By the first of February he had quite a bank account and it was growing steadily, day by day.

The sun was commencing on its northward travel; it was, as a matter of fact, early Spring along the Savannah River, jonquils and violets were in bloom everywhere.

The run of the "Potter" was so arranged that she laid up over Sunday each week at Augusta and Remsen acquired the habit of taking a long walk Sunday mornings to get an appetite for dinner.

It was about this time, one Sunday morning, that he started out Green Street for exercise. The day was so fine and just right for walking that almost before he realized the distance he had gone he had about reached the street limits.

As he moved along he admired the pretty homes and grounds that he passed, the further he went the more detached the houses became and the larger the grounds, and the number of flower beds and the amount of shrubbery increased.

At last he was drawn to the realization of the length of his walk by being struck with the attractiveness and artistic appearance of a rather modest home with ample grounds. The house was strictly of the old Southern style, undoubtedly an old ancestral residence.

But what appealed to Remsen so decidedly was the picturesqueness of the grounds in combination with the dwelling. It was, to be sure, a little early in the season for the plants, shrubs and trees which abounded in the place to be in bloom, but some were in bud and others showed plainly that the sap was running freely. The vine that ran all along the upper part of the veranda was green with the early life of Spring and showed small buds all over it.

The small peach orchard at the back seemed enveloped in a purplish haze, which these trees as-

sume just before they burst into bud. Jonquils, violets and other early flowers were out in profusion.

The possibilities of the place a little later on were quite apparent to Remsen's imagination, which was thoroughly capable of doing justice to the picture the place would probably produce.

He walked by, then turned around, and viewed it from the opposite angle.

Walking back he deliberately entered at the gate and stepping up to the door, knocked.

It was opened by a typical Southern gentleman in the sixties, in all probability.

Remsen explained to him that he had been greatly taken by the place, emphasizing its unfolding beauty and expressing the desire to purchase it, if it could be bought, as he was looking for a home anyway.

This seemed to shock the old gentleman considerably, for he replied, "My dear sir, this place has been in our family for years and such a thing as disposing of it has never been considered. I would not dare let my wife know that I had even so much as placed a price on it."

Remsen was disappointed, but offered a suggestion.

"Then," he said, "perhaps you would consider renting it."

At this point the wife appeared back of the old gentleman in the hall, evidently having overheard a portion of the conversation, and becoming interested.

And then Remsen attempting to redouble his efforts, in order to gain his end by impressing both, started to explain at greater length, and made a decided mistake.

"You see," he explained, "I have business in-

terests here which are succeeding admirably and find, therefore, that I will, probably, remain here permanently and am trying to make suitable arrangements, and I am quite sure that this place would be more to my liking than anything else I have seen in Augusta."

The wife interjected, "You say you have only recently come here?"

"Yes," replied Remsen, "I have been here only since the fall."

"May I enquire whence you came, without appearing too inquisitive?" she then asked.

"Why, certainly," said Remsen, "although I do not know as I can give you any definite place as my former residence, having lived last in the vicinity of New York City, and before that I was in England."

Then the old gentleman said, "I presume you are a Northerner."

Remsen realized the situation in which he now found himself and endeavored to get out of it, replying, "I was, yes, but, as I said, since last fall I have been South."

From this point on it was impossible for Remsen to make any further progress. He was politely, but firmly made to feel that the conversation was ended and there was nothing for him to do but to bow and start on his return journey.

After this Remsen could not get the picture of that place out of his mind. That place and Mary; the combination haunted him.

That place, Mary, and the money-making business he had running the "Potter" was the combination that seemed to him to constitute his ultimate goal.

He felt certain that if he could get that trio com-

bined all the existing difficulties, real and imaginary, would be surmounted.

When a month perhaps had passed since his walk out to the end of Green Street he was more convinced than ever that he must in some way get that place and the following Sunday he walked out Green Street again.

Reaching the house he saw that his expectations were already partially realized. The place was a delight to the eye. Practically everything was in bud and nearly half of the plants, shrubs, trees and vines were in flower and covered with young, yellow, or light green, leaves that would later be darker when they became full size.

Observing the old couple sitting on the piazza he passed in at the gate and directly up to them, bade them good day and asked them if he might be seated.

Their typical Southern hospitality forbade that they refuse.

Remsen immediately plunged into his subject, even telling them of his thoughts and desires, since he had seen them last, which lead to his conclusions, winding up by begging them to reconsider their decision.

It seemed impossible.

They told him that it was more than they could bear, explaining that the place had been in the family for many generations, each of which had been borne and raised there, likewise their own two sons, and for this reason it was too sacred to be sold, particularly to a Northerner, insomuch as their sons had both been killed in the settlement of the recent difficulties between the North and the South.

Remsen was honestly deeply grieved to hear this recital and he saw how it affected these old people,

for when they finished the tears were in the eyes of both of them, but this very condition had the effect of breaking down their reserve and haughtiness and with those their determination.

Remsen remained silent for several moments, until they regained their composure and self-possession, then exclaimed, "I have an idea. I believe it is a capital one upon which we may meet on more common ground."

"I like this place, to be sure, but I am not at all certain that it will appeal to Miss Elsworth as it does to me. Since you do not care to sell it or rent, possibly you might be willing to take us both in for a few days as guests, on trial, then we could all see how we like it and get an idea as to how it would work out if, for instance, you would consider letting us afterwards board with you and in that way make this our mutual home. The place would remain in your hands, you would not be selling or renting it, and, at the same time, you would be generously permitting us to enjoy it and its beauties with you."

They hesitated; of which fact Remsen hurried to take advantage, continuing to assure them, "I know that you will like Miss Elsworth and will be bound to grow very fond of her, the same as every one else, and let us hope that two young people in your household may tend slightly to lighten your grief over the loss of your own, and let me assure you that I am not to blame altogether for having spent the early part of my life mostly in England and not being of the South before the war."

"I have no ill feeling toward the Southerners, quite the reverse, they have been very kind to me since I have been in Augusta and most generous with their patronage."

Remsen talked long and earnestly, until, as a matter of fact, he was fully aware that he was delaying his hosts and keeping them from their dinner.

At length he apologized for taking up so much of their time and made one last plea for a favorable decision, asking if he might not send for Miss Elsworth to spend Easter, which this year came very early in April, with him under their chaperonage, explaining that it took so much time to travel that distance that she would probably have barely a day or two in addition to Easter Sunday to remain before having to start back. He was sure, therefore, that they would be very little trouble and also that the short visit would make friendships that would enable them to arrive at definite and satisfactory arrangements.

For several moments there was no answer, the old people looked at each other; one seemed to expect the other to speak, and each one desired to avoid making a decision.

At last the old gentleman admitted, "I am certainly most favorably impressed with the young man."

His wife agreed, "Mr. Remsen is unquestionably a very pleasant young man, but, if you will pardon me, I think I will see to dinner."

As she entered the front door she turned slightly and said to her husband, "Whatever decision you make, my dear, will meet with my approval," and disappeared inside.

The old gentleman turned again to Remsen, looked at him, said nothing.

"Well!" Remsen questioned, when he could bear the suspense no longer.

The old gentleman simply nodded.

"You mean," said Remsen, his face all aglow, "that we may come?"

"We will try it," said the old man. "Your suggestion that young people in the household may brighten us up may have something in it after all."

Remsen thanked him profusely for his favorable decision, made his apologies for appearing to be so persistent, assured him that they could expect them for over Easter and then departed.

As soon as he arrived at his quarters aboard the "Potter" Remsen sat down and hurriedly wrote Mary, even before thinking of eating dinner.

He told her all about it, the attractive little place he had discovered and how now it was beginning to bloom, flowers in variegated array of color running riot and giving forth perfume most entrancing.

He also spoke eulogistically of the two old people and told her how positive he was that she would be charmed with them when she saw them, as well as charming them.

He advised her of their antipathy to Northerners and that therefore, he had not allowed even the slightest suspicion to enter their minds that he had ever served with the Northern forces, advising her that secrecy on this subject must be maintained or their success in reaching the end he desired most would surely be jeopardized.

Then he described in detail the arrangements that he had made for the Easter visit, telling her to be sure and start early enough to reach home—;

"By Jove!" he thought, in all my life I believe that is the first time I ever wrote that word "Home." This then, was the thing he had heard so much about. All unconsciously he had recognized the constituents of a home when he came across them.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed aloud, heaved a long sigh and continued his letter—

..... by the day before Easter at the latest. To enable her to do so he informed her that he was writing Mrs. Perkins by the same mail arranging to have her permit Mary to start South a few days previous to the beginning of the regular vacation; the Easter vacation being altogether too short to allow of so long a trip down and back.

Then saying a little more, describing his expectations of the future he was anticipating through having her home with him over Easter, and also of spending that day together in such a beautiful spot, he closed his letter, telling her to be sure and advise him upon what steamer she would sail as soon as possible.

Then dinner having been already announced to him he paid attention next to the meal, but immediately thereafter sat down and wrote again to Mrs. Perkins, after which he mailed both of his letters.

The next day he had to devote the bulk of his attention to business, as usual on sailing days.

He was extremely anxious and impatient now, more so than before, notwithstanding the press of business still kept up and continued to occupy almost all of his attention.

Some how the time did not pass as rapidly; it dragged awfully from the time he made the arrangements for Easter until the day mentioned, although only a few weeks it seemed to be longer than the months previously, since Mary went away.

He was *so* anxious to enjoy to the fullest extent the combination of happy events that were now so near at hand.

He had, however, as quickly as possible, heard from Mary advising him that she would be on the

steamer arriving in Savannah early in the morning, Good Friday, and this information he had imparted immediately to Mr. Staunton, the old gentleman of the cottage in the flower garden, in order to keep him positively advised as to what they might expect.

A few more days dragged along for Remsen during which he plunged into his business affairs incessantly trying to prevent the time from hanging on his hands and his mind from dwelling upon things that held such a lure for him when the time was not yet when he could enjoy them.

The eventful Friday arrived at last and Remsen had brought Mary up from Savannah on his boat the same evening, as he had taken her down once before.

Arriving at the dock at Augusta he had begged of her to be patient a few moments while he attended to a few business matters that he could not neglect and saw to the unloading of what little freight they brought up the river, which, as a rule, was not much, from that direction, and the delivering of some of it.

It had been raining during the night and was still drizzling occasionally and was overcast.

Remsen obtained a covered wagon and had it come down to the dock, into which he helped Mary and then putting her satchels up in front hopped in himself, giving the necessary instructions to be taken to the cottage in the flower garden.

They were driving out Green Street and Mary was admiring one place after another, until they got far enough out in the neighborhood of the places having larger grounds and more attractive residences, further away from the business section, when Remsen reminded her that they would soon be home.

In fact it did not seem nearly so far out, riding,

to Remsen as it had the days he walked the distance and it was only a few moments more before his attractive little place was within sight. As he finished speaking the sun broke through the clouds.

Remsen was sure that in the past he had before merely existed. It seemed to him as he looked at that quaint little house nestled among, yes, now literally smothered with, every kind of flower and all the beauties of nature, that he was but awakening to true life in all of its realities, to experience in actual fact, as it were, the realization of a sweet dream.

Bringing himself back to earth he sighed; turned to Mary, and said, "There is the house. Is it not a veritable fairy land?"

Quick as a flash Mary looked at him sharply, then replied, "It is most beautiful. However did you discover it?" But at the same time she thought what a different fairy land it was from the last one at which she looked, as the snow scene in the moonlight seemed to float mistily as a mirage in front of her eyes.

The rig pulled up in front of the place. Remsen was quick to alight, then help Mary out, and picking up the bags, settled with the driver, and followed Mary through the gate and up to the front door.

Evidently their arrival had been noticed, for they had barely reached it when the door was flung wide and both of Remsen's old friends were there to receive them, or, at least, receive him, whereupon he immediately presented Mary to Mr. and Mrs. Staunton, and then they were ushered in to the main room.

Mary put forth her best efforts, her most charming manner and sweetest smile and it was quite

evident to Remsen that she won the old people at the start, as he knew she would.

An old colored "Mammy" had evidently received instructions earlier, for she took their belongings upstairs, apparently knowing where to place them.

As she came down again Mrs. Staunton called to her, "Cloe, send Susanne to me."

"Yes, Missy Staunton," replied the colored woman as she hurriedly went on the errand.

Then Mrs. Staunton told Mary, "I am going to let you have Susanne while you are here for your own personal servant to attend to your wants and wait upon you," and she added, "here is Susanne now," as a pickaninny about twelve years old came in and was promptly told that this was "Miss Mary" whom she was to serve. Then she was told to go up to Miss Mary's room and be ready to wait upon her.

"Now, if you like, I will show you to your room myself," as she again addressed herself to Mary, leading the way above as Mary followed, while Remsen elected to remain and smoke with Mr. Staunton for a while.

During the afternoon Mary and Remsen spent their time almost wholly out of doors, wandering among the flowers, or on the veranda, enjoying the soft, warm, balmy air laden with perfume, one might even say, overladen with it, and the day generally which had become most exceptionally pleasant since the clouds had cleared away.

Remsen enjoying it all to the fullest extent and Mary certainly seemed to be, which could hardly be doubted considering the environment and conditions.

The afternoon having passed as well as the evening, which was such a pretty one, by the way, it

seemed almost a shame to leave it, it came time at last when it was necessary to retire.

As Mrs. Staunton bade them good night she told Mary that she had given orders to have coffee, cereal and some eggs, if she cared for them, served to her in her room in the morning, by Susanne, as she was positive she must be very tired after such a long journey.

This pleased Mary, not because she cared much about lying in bed late, but it was the attention shown, the consideration, and standing as she had arisen when Mrs. Staunton appeared, she quickly stepped forward, placed her arm around her, and exclaimed, "What a dear little old lady you are;" thanked her and kissed her good night.

Mary made her excuses and followed upstairs almost immediately.

Remsen went with her as far as the foot of the stairs and there said good night.

He stood with his hand on the newel post as she ascended, looking after her.

As she reached the winding part of the stair, near the top, she looked down at him over her shoulder, and, as she turned her head, he noticed so plainly the curl that lay on her neck. Then she smiled down at him over the bannister, nodded "Good night" again, then disappeared across the hall.

CHAPTER XXIV

GLADSOME TIDINGS

Remsen awoke the next morning to find the sun pouring into his room and to the realization that this Easter Day was to be, in all probability, fully up to his greatest hopes and expectations.

He went to the open window and breathed deeply of the perfumed air, occasionally, while he dressed.

This morning operation being completed he descended to the floor below and joined Mr. Staunton on the veranda, who was ahead of him and advised Remsen breakfast was ready and suggested that they go in, now that he was down.

Accordingly they proceeded to join Mrs. Staunton at the breakfast table where she was already seated.

Remsen hesitated to occupy his chair, and when Mrs. Staunton motioned to him to sit down, he looked toward the entrance from the hall inquiringly, and, she interpreting his glance, reminded him that Mary was having her breakfast in her room, which explanation setting Remsen right he felt at liberty to satisfy his own appetite.

Remsen, after breakfast, rose from the table and passed into the octagon room, and, walking over to the mantelpiece, took up his pipe and commenced to fill it, while standing with his back to the open fire place, though at this season no fire burned therein, doing so, no doubt, through force of habit that seems to be imbued in the human race.

Looking up from his pipe he observed the beauty of the day out through one of the French windows

and at the same time noted that the windows had not yet been opened.

Instantly, laying his pipe upon the center table, he strode across the room and threw wide the long windows that opened onto the end of the veranda, and exclaimed, "What a glorious morning!" And drawing in a long breath added, "This is the kind of a day that it is, emphatically, very good to be alive."

The sun, still low, streamed half way across the floor of the room, while in through the window came the fragrance and ozone of the morning air, heavily laden with the perfume of myriads of flowers. The odor of wistaria in full bloom along the roof of the piazza, lilacs, magnolias, jasmine, peach blossoms and nearly everything else that would bloom at this season of the year, accompanied by the songs of many birds and the hum of bees.

Remsen walked back to the table and picked up his pipe, threw himself into an easy chair prepared to enjoy this beautiful morning and all of its attributes to its fullest extent, scratched a match and was lighting his pipe when he heard some dainty person tripping lightly down the stairs.

The next moment the hangings were pushed aside and Mary skipped across the floor, radiant in smiles and a dainty gown, while she held by one hand one ribbon of a leghorn hat with a wreath of roses around the crown, and in the other hand a letter.

Mary, in a dimity gown and trailing a leghorn hat with flowers around the crown! What more, indeed, thought Remsen was needed to crown his existence this gorgeous morning, with ozone, sun, flowers, the hum of bees and his pipe! What more than Mary, smiling, in her dimity gown and a leghorn hat crowned with flowers.

Remsen rose and knocked his pipe out on the

hearth, then greeted Mary wholeheartedly, just as he felt—and he felt happy.

"I want you to do something for me, 'Guardy!'" said Mary. "I have just had word that Craig is coming down to this part of the country and he wants to know if he may run over and visit with us for a while, while he is here."

"Craig," said Remsen, "I do not recollect that I have heard of him. Who is Mr. Craig?"

Mary laughed, and explained it was not 'Mr. Craig,' saying, "Craig is his first name, you remember, he is the brother of Mabel Van Nostrand, my room mate where I was at school up on the Hudson. Don't you remember I wrote you about my visit with her during Christmas vacation, and I mentioned Craig—Mr. Van Nostrand—in several of my letters to you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, now I remember. Well! I think you said you wanted me to do something for you?"

"Yes," replied Mary, "I want your permission first for me to tell him that he may come and then—promise me that you will be nice to him."

Remsen did not speak for a moment. He stood looking at her. He evidently disconcerted her somewhat, for finally she said, while laying her hat down upon the table and stepping back a pace, "Oh! won't you promise?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I promise. I should be very glad to meet Mr. Van Nostrand and be nice to him, as nice as I possibly can."

"Oh, thank you, I knew you would," said Mary, as she threw both arms around his neck and kissed him, innocently enough, and then turned and fled through the open French window across the piazza and down the garden path, while Remsen looked after her.

He stood with both hands on the edge of the table for several minutes, slightly bent forward, resting his weight on his arms, and then his very soul seemed to go out through the window after her, into the garden, all pent up in one word, as he cried out—

“Mary!”

Dropping into his seat he let his head fall down on his arms upon the table.

In this position he remained in deep thought and anguish for quite a time.

Finally raising his head he said aloud, “How happy I was, and happier still at the sight of Mary, until the very being that made me the happiest has innocently been the cause of making me miserable, all on account of that letter. ‘Craig!’ Why should she be so interested? Why is she so anxious to have me nice to him, and why, of all, should she be so delighted when I gave her the promise that I would do as she asked, and then ‘Craig,’ ‘Craig,’ why ‘Craig?’ Why not Mr. Van Nostrand? Oh! Mary! Never have I realized so much that I loved you to so great an extent!

“Oh! Mary! You have made me so miserable,” and he dropped his head onto his arms again.

The heat of the sun in the garden striking down upon Mary reminded her of her hat, so returning for it appeared in the window just at this moment. Seeing Remsen as he sat with his head and arms on the table, while catching the last few words he had uttered, she hesitated, finally deciding that perhaps after all she did not need her hat immediately.

She had made good her retreat when Remsen, again lifting his head, noticed for the first time Mary’s hat on the table.

Jumping to his feet, instantly forgetting himself, he grabbed up the hat and started across the room with it, out into the garden to find Mary.

Saying to himself the while, she should not be out there in the sun in this latitude so late in the season without a hat.

Finding her finally picking a bunch of lilacs, he admonished her gently for being so imprudent, explaining that, "You are not taking good care of yourself when you risk the heat of the sun on such a warm morning without any protection over your head, so, with your permission, I will put on your hat"—suiting the action to the words.

Looking up at him she reminded him, "You have not finished yet—see what kind of a bow you can tie." And she smiled and an expression came into her eyes that he had not seen for four years and he thought she was laughing at him, in fact, he was sure of it, for she truly had him at a disadvantage when it came to tying bows.

He hesitated and looked awkward, and it was plain to be seen that he did not even know how to begin.

She felt sorry for him. She just could not help it, so she took the ends of the two ribbons in her two hands and then placing her hands on his shoulders she stepped back and looked up at him and said, "Why do you bother any way? It was gorgeous out here and I was not in the sun, perhaps you didn't notice, I was standing in the shade. The whole amount of it is you are over careful of me; you are too considerate, you always are. Tell me, why do you bother?"

He looked at her, hesitated, evidently was not just sure how he wanted to reply, and finally blurted out, "Probably for the same reason that I always wanted to please you, the reason that un-

doubtedly prompted me to promise you that I would be nice to Mr. Craig, I mean Mr. Van Nostrand."

"Oh!" she said, "Did you only do that, then, to please me?"

"Yes," he replied, "You must remember that I have never seen him and in making such a promise I have to be nice to him whether I despise him or not and I am not at all sure that I will like him."

"Well!" she said, "even if you do not you must keep your promise and be nice to him while he is here, because he will be our guest and it will only be for two or three hours and then he will be gone. most likely, never to trouble you any more."

"Ah, yes, undoubtedly, but then, would you be just as happy if you never saw him any more?"

"While, of course, he is a very nice young man, I do not think it would interfere with my happiness any."

"You seemed so elated over the receipt of your letter and the fact of his coming that I thought possibly you were particularly interested in him."

"Oh, no, not at all particularly," replied Mary, "but he was very kind to me when I visited his sister and did everything he could to give me a good time, naturally I feel that I owe it to him to reciprocate as best I can and I asked your help for that reason, but so far as being interested in him is concerned there are others in whom I am far more so."

"Then by the same statement that you remove a great load from my shoulders you plunge me into deep despondency in another direction. Whom, Mary, then, is the one in whom you are more interested? But then, pshaw! I should not ask."

He added the latter, no doubt, as he plainly saw by the lowering of Mary's eyes and the droop of her head that he was not to be told, anyhow.

Recovering her self possession as promptly as she could she raised her face to his and replied, "It makes little difference any way as I expect to be happy living as and where I am for some time to come," to which she added that she was quite content to live on in the present without questioning the future and pleaded, "Why can't you be too?"

"Indeed, I can, Mary," he said, "and I would be most supremely happy if I were sure that there were nothing worse in the future in store for me then than in the present. If I were only sure that I would always have you with me and that you would not love anyone else and want to be married and go away."

She raised her eyes and quoted him, "Love anyone else?"

"Ah, Mary," he said, "I mean it, 'Love anyone else,' that is what I dread."

"Why can't you love me, Mary, and stay with me?"

"Mary! Mary! Mary! I cannot bear to think of your ever marrying anyone else."

"Can't you love me just a little?"

And her hands slid across his shoulders as he drew her to him and clasped together around his neck, while he kissed her, this time reverently, on the forehead.

Then he asked, "Mary, *do* you love me?"

And she nestled closer in his arms as they stood there in the garden surrounded by the flowers, amid the songs of birds and the hum of bees. While a gentle zephyr brought to them from the distance, down in the town, the sound of church bells ringing out the gladsome tidings.

THE END.



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